

Walking with Majesty

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By

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For Joshua, Michael,
Mwiya, Wamweni
(congrats) and
Buuya and all the
people new and old I
am currently and
have been and will
likely always be glad
to call my family, my
friends and
acquaintances of
whom this book
would not have been
written without.

Prayer, Dogma,
Prose 1

As always mum, I can do nothing but pray. And then look back at everything and everyone I chose to spend my time with and people I don't know now or who don't really know me. I used to think prayer was the words in my heart and head. I used to think it was publishing books and consoling myself with alcohol. It's not. I feel like I have failed at life and almost destroyed everything you tried to work so hard for and still do.

Christ saves; being a Christian is everything to me as a writer of fiction for kids and adults. Jesus, son of the Lord God almighty sacrificed his life on a cross in front of a crowd who chose a sinner over him. Judas, a disciple was found hung after betraying Jesus. Simon Peter denied god. Mary Magdalene prayed and watched Christ take his last breath. Our Eternal Lord and saviour. His strength was also our strength for we pray now as with then for Christ to reign in and through us all. For salvation from a life of sin. Roman, Jew, Egyptian, Greek the early Church spanned an empire beyond any physical reality. God your Kingdom flourishes today. I am a sinner and for that, I pray for forgiveness.

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I keep trying to put aside greed, envy, anger, loss, covetous thoughts of lust and immoral thoughts to focus on god. Through my actions and belief or lack of faithfulness I am costing my soul and can only pray for wisdom and strength. Save us all Lord, bestow us all with the healing power of the Holy Spirit. Give clarity to our daily prayer so we might begin to heal ourselves and your bounteous creation.

Thank-you, for every time you have pushed me, to change. To follow the footsteps of Christ and carry my own cross. Christ's sacrifice is a burden I pray you might forgive every living soul for such that we can reach life eternal. Thank you god for being with me, us, everyday.

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Introduction:

Dreams of tolerant and peaceful co-existence

As a young writer, I have found that writing is my freedom; a choice as with all choices can make a positive difference to the viewpoint of a well understood opinion or point of view. Clarity, an undisputed necessity within discursive arguments, treatises of social and (or) political or other points of note, that is odiously difficult subject philosophical subject matter(s) are so far reaching that all individuals would define themselves as clear and focused. Unfortunately, in a world that races towards modernity at ever faster paces, in differing disciplines, time is of a shortness such that a lack of time can

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make or break the motivation of an individual.

In this book (or series of essay[s]), I, as the author of a book, wanted to define what a message from a role model to future and (or) current role models should, could and would entail. Being an author regardless of your readership or audience is about the individuals and the environment you wish to promote. Being and saying you are a role model is one thing, but to be looked upon as worthy of praise is an honour that many of us, myself included do not appreciate. The irony, defined by people is in the hope they place in other people. Achievements, monetary, financial, religious or even sexual or physical must be balanced in the meaning of the words you place on a page. They are the morals you live by and assume others will follow.

Power, no matter how well intentioned, can and more than usually does bare a heavy toll as envisaged by the consequences of the responsibility placed upon the writer to be literate, competent and just, self-regulated and intelligent, well composed and structured. But more than this, your

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words must have meaning; not just to yourself, but to anyone alive at present or in the next few seconds, hours, days and years both preceding and following this treatise. Words are all we have as human beings. they rationalise our actions and thoughts, behaviours and mannerisms. They, an individuals words legitimise our behaviour and show how we wish to express ourselves. Actions are loud, but words speak volumes in a manner that none of us can mistake for the clarity and depth of thought that our actions allow us, mistaken understanding as to the nature of the idea that is being promoted is in the very depth of the words we use on a day to day basis.

Grammar, pronunciation, syntax and depth all have meaning given context, as with gravity but so does faith, hope and charity. It took me thirty five years of soul searching across multiple continents and ideological academic trains of thought. Centuries of discovery defined in thousands, millions and billions of words from authors old and new to realise something important. Maturity is a choice. It consumes and defines, delving across

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every facet of a persons mind and core being and thus resides in the dreams and hopes for peace.

This book has no beginning nor an end, no pages with glossary or index. It has no bibliography or references and was written in one take. Where there are typographical errors, as an author I can only apologise and pray that no repetition equally creeps in to showcase the simplest of lessons. I (we [you {and I}]) are humanity; human beings doing what human beings do. We succeed and fail, we laugh and cry, love and hate. Regardless of melancholic malaise or academic success and or achievements, we each must live.

What is important is that respect, honour, virtue and all the characteristics that make up your life as a role model are not just shown through your inactivity or inaction. Equally, religion and blameless lifestyle choices in nature are a choice, as are family, Education, Healthcare, friendship, family, food and nutrition. Each of which make life and the environment we each share a positive and well prompted joy of existence and consciousness, just as they make life a struggle for more in the

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form of economic and academic or aesthetic subsistence.

I could detract from the hard work people do in order to raise awareness of the reliance of consumption and economic ownership of the individuality of importance, or reliance and gradation of institutional life on early self determination and individual motivation(s); or even of non-judgemental role models in leadership structures, but this is all a choice. The importance of these statements as a point of note is not in the nature of the words, or the care taken to make sure that they are intellectual or intelligible, rather they are a statement of learned morals as a result of the institutions that in the past developed as a result of learning.

Life is a gift so wear it well, because as with names, that wear out all too easily, the lifespan of one person is short enough to push and nudge, to think and create. But giving up your name and your life for something in the hopes that it will save others is all that there is and might ever be. Hope is a treatise and an introduction to the only choice that we as people(s) have. It starts with a

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simple question, "what do you believe as a moral?".

Good versus the idea of and realisation of Evil is one prime example that theologians, philosophers and moralists, academics and scholars have battled with since the dawn of time. Protection and promotion of all that helps others and the individual are what makes life worthwhile. To bully and harass individuals whether in school or in college, in university or in work or just in ordinary and less than ordinary social situations are commonplace but are not the norm. Society changes, has changed and will likely change. History does not always repeat itself. Therefore as an answer to a question unasked, a simple proposition is stated of what an ever knowledge hungry and moral thirsty world craves.

Indana Simonde
November 2018

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Discourses and Treatises

Discourse on the importance of food and Nutrition

For those of my friends and family who understood the reason for my writing books on everything and anything, nutrition is important. I have tried being a vegetarian, teetotal, cigarette free and drug free. my only advice is you should try my mothers recipe for vegetable soup, and take my fathers advice ("eat bread and butter if you have nothing else"). The life lessons you learn are invaluable from friends and family.

Mums "not so secret" stay healthy soup recipe. (serves many or few depending

on water content and amount of veg added but recipe is for two adults and a few children).

a small amount of oil
water

1 Leek

2 Peppers

1 Onion

3 Spring Onions

2 or 3 potatoes or Suede (depending on preference and thickness required you can also add Lentils soaked overnight)

1 or 2 Stock Cubes (Vegetable or Chicken if your a meat eater)

Salt, Pepper and spices may vary depending on taste

Method

1. Chop and wash onions and fry on lowest heat

2. Fire the chopped, washed Leeks, Peppers, Spring Onions into the gently sautéd Onion.

3. Skin potatoes and chop wash (watch for larger sized chunks depending on preference and time)

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4. Water should be relatively hot when transferring all cooked vegetables to pot of boiling water
5. Add Stock and herbs for flavour
6. Boil contents and stir incredibly regularly on a medium to low heat regularly
7. Cook for an hour minimum but an hour and a half max depending on size of pot.

Enjoy

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Treatise on the importance of Family

Family in the modern sense of the word has changed throughout the evolution of mankind to mean many things. There are some who would promote the ideal of a strong and stable family to mean religious congregation en masse which involves a certain level of dedication to the pious nature of religiosity, in this sense I mean faith based worship. To others, family means a trade or career in which the individual might focus on congregating with people they may (or may not) have a direct relationship with. To others still, family means the people one might attribute the kinship

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and fellow ideals of organisation and conglomeration of thought word and deed.

This last example of a corporation would entail corporate methodologies, strategies and direction of a workflow; menial and highly specific tasks worked by people who may be overly qualified in a specific task, whilst more specialised tasks being graded as skilled work only applicable upon knowledge and skills based training. In this specific example, the family will be based around one key idea or ideology per se, that of people with familial relations and (or) blood relatives.

Whilst it has been noted in patriarchal and matriarchal environments and societies that families are based around the heads of any household, the identity of a household is the senior most person in that family. In my own direct and extended family, my mother is the head of my family. As head of a single parent household, she controls the course and directs the fate of myself and my siblings through her devotion, dedication and unconditional love towards myself and my siblings.

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Patriarchal families are families in which there is a male head of the household; this can be through marriage or through the breakdown of a relationship leading to one parent (or in some instances both male parents) running their own affairs away from the children's other parent(s). Whilst the aim of this Treatise is not to define the nature of Modern households, nor is it designed to condescend the reader, rather it is designed to elucidate the reader as to the importance of the family.

Matriarchal families such as divorced families and families in which a single parent household as above may have one (or two) female head(s) in which, children are the focus (though not every family has children and this should be noted throughout the entirety of this Treatise). Ultimately, regardless of whether there is one, two, three or more individuals within a direct familial relationship, Love is the foundation of that situation with Love being the beginning and end of all relationships.

Single parent households in comparison to two parent homes have the societal and economic

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responsibilities that make it harder to organise a daily routine, hold down a job and (or) means to gain further education respectively that come with being in a single parent or joint familial relationship. The difficulties that a relationship brings are overshadowed by all that the relationship truly brings in the form of unity, respect, love and a shared vision of the future as a bridge to the open door of the past and present.

Only children have the joy and misfortune of freedom. That is to say, freedom to learn, grow and play in the presence of others whilst utilising all their parents have in the form of strength, knowledge and wisdom to promote their children to that pedestal that is sometimes missing when siblings are not there. Liberally speaking, time is an all so precious thing and when there is not enough time to manage the needs of one child over another, it can be difficult. Children seek attention even where they don't realise it, be it self approbation, learning to drive, playing the guitar or even choosing their subjects at school. Without guidance self-confidence leads an individual but having the confidence in the first place

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to be able to ask for help or to make conscious decisions comes, at times from parents.

Middle child 'syndrome' is the psychological term that refers to the experiences and development of an individual in and with respect to a persons siblings. Being a middle child does not mean that as a person or as a child you are unloved, rather, as it was in my own family, the love imagined to be misdirected towards the youngest of my siblings led to a great deal of competition and rivalry. The thought was that at an earlier stage of my own development, I, whilst lacking the maturity to realise the need for the same felt isolated and alone in a world that did not understand where I was coming from. I failed to recognise when people, especially family members and friends had passed away, that I could have supported my family better by filling the void left by the passing of my family member(s) at the time. Despite this fact, recognition of the fact that no two families work in precisely the same way has led me to realise that over reliance on specific people within society and within any given family can

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wear a person or people within that family down. Life is not easy and there is no manual on the face of the planet that will give you a breakdown of what to do when your emotions overpower you, but talking and being present in the moment help to showcase the love and positive attitudes your family attempted to raise you with. Time allows childish thoughts and attitudes to alter but with respect to a reputation, sometimes time just doesn't have everything. As long as you put in the effort to direct your communication towards the people who matter the most, they and they alone will see your true nature shine through the divergent trains of thought espoused by, for instance, work mates or school and college buddies or even university peers, the alumni you learn to love as your family when studying. Suffice to say, even if you feel down about yourself, your family may not necessarily feel the same way; talking makes a world of difference.

Men and women regardless of their sex have no option but to either develop coping strategies in a world without parents or choose not to. It took me a

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long time to deal with my parents divorce, and an even longer time to come to terms with one of my parents death. For having known both of them, I feel blessed. For having remembered and witnessed at-least one of my parents into maturity, I now know I am blessed. But that is my own story, of which it may bring little or no comfort to yourself the reader or more than plenty; all i can hope is that no matter who your family are now, you might still have faith that the knowledge, genes and billions of years of god tinged evolution that led to your ability to feel wind, rain or sunlight, to hear and to see, taste, feel and smell may yet be the same reason you wake up and where possible smile.

Treatise on the Importance of the Non- Judgemental Role of Role Models in Leadership Structures

If law from the ancient days of creation and idealism transferred to the modern age as idealism creation through law history was a British ideal With Magna Carta as the constitution of a nation post devolution could shake up the architectonic nature of society. There was once a time when i thought that being a role model involved being a

leader within a societal leadership structure. Once, I equally thought that being non-judgemental was the route to being a civil servant who works towards eradicating the social evils within our society, and respectful individuals though respectful have one thing I don't. As I write this book, I am realising that it takes more to be a role model, I've discovered, than solely self-determination. If you as a person don't focus on being the potential that people see in you, then you don't see what it is that others see in you.

I have let myself down, my family, my friends and the people I should have been fighting for all because a selfish crusade to control something that wasn't mine in the first place has showcased how to fail at almost everything. If it is possible to put aside your greed, ambition, goals and potentially your dreams, you might see it as you walk past the bustling nightlife. You might see it during the day in the Capital cities of the worlds most privileged cities and you might see it in the most impoverished and richest cities, towns and villages of every nation. as the idea fades, the reality

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begins and then phases in and out of my field of vision. What i'm talking about is something that every parent, friend, child and adult alike should worry about and fear in the face of and obvious advent of global environmental difficulties due to the varying nature of the challenge that none of us fully realises. As the seasons change, winter becomes spring, spring heats up and spring moves closer to being like the winters of old.

Nature has a sense of humour as O₃ molecules (made of three oxygen atoms) or ozone as it is known is a naturally occurring molecular particle bonded in a manner of which science has not quite yet discovered how to create the same. The hole in the ozone layer, forgotten by the worlds media can be plugged per se, as the atmosphere moves but in so doing, the layer grows thinner, hence with every tank, bomb, plane, car and boat sailing, the atmosphere that ordinarily has a tenacity to fix itself becomes less stable. Stability meaning the acidity we all learn about in science lectures in school increases in the atmosphere as more hydrocarbons are pumped into the air

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(hence percentage of hydrogen or pH level of the rain water increases meaning even if the temperature of the Earth is reduced, the water still has a slightly acidic tinge en masse).

Now, whilst its down to science and politics to find new and novel solutions to over population, food shortages, war and poverty, illiteracy and innumeracy, the question must be asked now and understood as clearly as possible. How do we as a civilisation in unison end poverty internationally whilst fighting to end wars as opposed to disrespecting a war that was meant to end all war.

Now, as to role models and non-judgementalism, the difference between living in Britain and the Britain of my childhood is the difference between partisan politics; and limitation of the freedoms we all now share. Choices define our leaders and where they, the country defined as everyone in the country of voting age who has the ability to move from Center-Left to potentially Center-Right is the difference between choosing to vote for the voiceless within our social order and assuming that because people of colour haven't "earned" the right to vote in the

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same way that classism and sexism as struggles against and (or) for bigotry must be overcome, eventually leads me to believe that classism and classic legislation defined by the late 1800s through to definition of legislation beyond property rights as revolution upon revolution was defined by law. Untethered, modern law can if allowed refer to more than simply referendum and redevelopment of environmental rights for youth. Beyond war and selling armaments to Saudi Arabia, Scotland could return to idealism as a move to motion industry towards space and the development of satellites that focus outwards as opposed to only based on meteorological definitions of space age technology. We each understand the technology behind a microwave yet when we view the fusion process at the core of the sun and ultraviolet radiation of the same emitted from the frozen wastes of a space teeming with literal worlds undiscovered. The gold rush hasn't yet started but the countdown to see who can be better equipped to find a new home for humanity is the challenge that Presidents Putin and Trump are fighting for. Meanwhile a new fleet of

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planes is being shipped to British shores in the interests of neighbourly support for South America (?).

The Britain of my childhood had the words Going for Gold in libraries. London 2012 and the Olympic Village where Gold medals were won for Britain are a testament to that very fact.

Role models don't have race, sex or anything other than a voice as hero's. they stand for something and are representative of not just what they stand for but who they stand for. UKIP and BNP stood for a Britain I don't know, and irrespective must be respected because Brexit (the British exit from Europe is happening). People who are likely to be remembered in history, Labour leaders as an example stand for the working people of Britain and Trade Unions but not just the working people, but all people who support their cause, to upheave society.

The Conservative and Unionist Party argue for the people of the Commonwealth who support and respect Royal Prerogative. Green Party agenda's are environmental. Liberal Democrats work for middle income families. Socialists work towards a

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Marxist ideal (Karl Marx being the father of social income like for instance overdrafts and benefit infrastructures that work to feed babies and help mothers cope with work through tax breaks and assistance from the government with child tax and working tax assistance); Christian Democrats I can only assume work towards a Christian Revival in politics. So, which party works tirelessly to stop and help alleviate poverty and ultimately give people homes regardless of whether they want them or not? ..in Britain? ..worldwide?

As a use of my right to freedom of speech (as I didn't vote, which is my right as a voter, regardless of whether people died so that i can vote or not..) I wanted to ask the reader, when will Jewish people have a right to a history free of the reminder of Hitlers former German Administration (of which he was gravely mistaken in starting a war)? When will Hitler be laid to rest as opposed to glorified in the media as Satan? When will German people be respected by every voice for the changes they have made to Europe despite the stiff opposition to their

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inclusion in the European Parliament. They, the people, deserve respect just as Einstein was wrong to lead science and be immortalised instead of leading Israel and creating Global Peace whilst African rebellion to colonialism led to mass starvation and civil revolt despite flooding in Eastern Timor and in-front of the United Nations failed drama; former U.S President Woodrow Wilsons dream. The League of Nations is gone, Star Trek was a Television series, but the reality of life is not the warning for the future that the Matrix was (and is).

Nelson Mandela, a freedom fighter to some and a soldier or murderer to others, prisoner to others still. He left a legacy in his parting public words. "Be the change you wish to see in the world".

Treatise on the Importance of Friendship and Kinship

My own understanding of the words Global Disarmament begins by disarming both the public(s) of the world en masse through the deregulation of armed forces and enforcement of the same through support offered by the public of democratic nations. In an age in which commonplace shootings in high schools have become the norm as watched by the eyes of the world, responsible adults that is, who equally are responsible for their children must have a voice otherwise democracy has failed every

parent who has lost a child due to gun crime.

Democracy rests in the hands of many people not just those people(s) who have the ability to use a vote for such an endeavour, but all of society who may not necessarily see the damage to society they are or rather have caused as a result of weapons fire and the weaponisation of the human mind (as viewed from solely the perspective of computer games consoles as a market) throughout the past, in history.

The world consequently at large is being irrevocably damaged through the actions of tobacco companies, media and public information services inaction to fight the very ills they are bolstering as a result of the desperate hunger and greed for wealth. I have fought without fighting for a number of years and as such have watched history unfold in a manner I would not have assumed possible. I have seen the human of conscious discussions and ultimately have worked on my own despite organisations that work around me and beyond my knowledge to safeguard a

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future for people's everywhere of every faith, race and language.

I'm not sure what time it is where you are, but here, where I am it's 02:26 on the 31st of October 2018.

Ironical that a simple idea such as the time would revolutionise a planet to the point where we each have a body clock allowing us to stay awake and go to sleep, to refuel our bodies and our minds. Evening in Scotland could be morning in America or Australia or further afield. But ultimately time connects us all in which dates such as the day you were born or learnt to communicate with others (including sign language), or learnt to eat or speak through loving gestures and kind acts are important. Not just to yourself but to the people who experience the goodness in a heart that should not be filled with dark intentions and cruel thoughts in adults or children.

The future rests with the youth, not in all of us but the actual youth of every age who direct the course of history when we are no longer there to guide them as to how to think, act and speak; that is to say, the people who create peace through peaceful acts and not

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cruelty and inaction through words and acts of cruelty. I've been trying to show the calling I believed I had received but found that unification of a common goal; namely that of peace everywhere is more powerful as a message of hope for the youth than any other message. But this island has a leader and we usually refer to them with the official titles bestowed on them through centuries of development. Regis being the King or Regina, the Queen are male and female counterparts for rulers of our homes, Latin words for people whom respect, honour and Majesty is bestowed for a reason. They are our protectors and guardians of a world that has seen empires rise and fall.

The strength of any nation, superpower or otherwise has rested on and would likely always rest in the ability to decide the fate of a peoples through social and actual coercive force, that is brought about through acts of violence and (or) diplomacy. But why can't war be a thing of the past as with poverty and hate and anger towards ourselves and towards the outward direction of gods love and mercy or the

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multidirectional nature of faith or humanity?

If I wrote solely for myself, I would stop. But ultimately, I'm writing for every adult who was once a child and prayed for peace instead of anger, or mercy where none was shown. I'm writing for the tribes that never got to see lampposts, or factories preparing the steel for tanks and planes, thermonuclear bombs and bullets made of metal. I'm writing as a prayer of strength for activists who believe the environment can bring people together rather than separate them. And I write for you, where you might have a viewpoint on how to create peace rather than hostility towards individuals, communities and nation states. I live in a city where, unlike the vast majority of capital cities a war was fought and won. A battle I understand and can't describe. But fear of reality, of oppression and the oppressed; fear of the angry and enraged is all I had once to comfort and embrace through mediums so as to avoid the reality of the suffering I'm surrounded by. As I type, I can hear my neighbours discipline their children and comfort grandchildren at

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the same time. I can hear cars on streets and see street lights. I can hear ticking clocks and have running water and a fridge.

What I don't have is a bomb or a gun to fear as a respective reality; considering I don't support military incursions on any side and live in a peaceful community. I remember breaking down as a result of the bombing of the World Trade Towers, physically crying as though my heart was on the plane or in the building. Yet I know it was not.

Since September 2001, the war after war between armed militias and terrorist organisations and states has become common place in a future of infinite possibility. But one thing is a certainty, the homeless, who congregate in cemeteries to stay safe and warm. The homeless, who rely on handouts for food and clothing or a place to stay or substance misuse due to personal circumstances lose in every war with veterans on the street; though just to be clear not all are substance misusers or lacking social morals.

Fear is a fact and it is not of loss, it is of absolute loss; though it genuinely does not have to be an absolute

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certainty. The struggle other people face is not even comparable to what I thought my own struggle encompassed. Honour rests on the streets with people I don't know. Majesty is on high and Glory is our leaders of heart, soul and mind. In this regard, I refer to an obsessive need to save, myself, others, even you as I pray unceasingly for the day when all countries will be like this country; free for citizens of every race to walk, run, jog, congregate and peacefully protest without ever seeing a gun. But there is always a media presence that promotes support of a military that is overburdened and under pressure constantly to perform. Continued armed insurrection against a world at war is an example of our lives at present. We are in the middle of World War III but the struggle is history; we are struggling for the very lives of the people who died so we can have a life, free for running, jogging, congregating and peacefully praying for more peace.

Democratic principles won't bring back the dead, whom we remember; for all our sins as a world of living

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breathing people, ideologies from the past won't resurrect the good that once was herein. But you are the good that exists at present and faith in eternal life that some seek is the present forgiveness of God. But that is my own religious belief, my own sentiment as I am a believer of Jesus Christ. The truth is, power was restricted whilst local and international as well as national government attempted to navigate treacherous waters with a view to alleviating poverty nationwide and globally as well as fighting one war after another.

I highly doubt as one viewer of news broadcasts that war is an enjoyable pursuit. As a former consumer of mediums filmed, games played and stories told ad nauseam is actually a technique used by Adolf Hitler's Nazi Germany which promotes a system of propaganda until people are so sick of an idea they either accept it or it becomes the norm. The question begins and ends with the public(s) of the world time and again; but in actuality an infinite war for revenge upon the individuals who murdered and are still at present attempting to challenge the

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interests of peaceful coexistence within society as it was, is what we face as at present and are still unable to escape as a result of the very things that make us human. Not everyone has a child, but for those who do I will explain what it is like to see your child in a hospital. Not through war, just hospital. IT is a fate worse than hell; it's the twisting gnarling root at the very core of your soul and it is agony.

It took a long time for god to find me; or if he was with me all the time, my humanity caused me to miss something important. Belief in the fact that we all are born equal, that we all have faith in the better nature of humanity; that we all have a right to life leads me to believe we all must stand for a future in peace and not one in which only part of society is remembered to the detriment of the rest of humanity. This diatribe is not about peoples loss, it's about all the people in the world we should remember as having been a gain for all and not just for their families due to the good in their hearts. That hope is in the continuation of the church. The hope is in the spirit of peoples shared and divergent beliefs. It is in the eyes of

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ourselves and our children. The hope that they have food, clothes, shelter, transport and primary and secondary along with (or including) tertiary education, positive morals within entertainment etc. But beyond this, deeper thoughts of freedom, liberality, individualism and equality are everywhere we are currently, and have been able to enjoy in relative peace. For me, forgiveness is the words, deeds and acts you do to show that you believe you can make a difference to how people see you. I write because that is all I have to show people my heart, my soul and my change; but the change within me is more than that. I thought I would stand out by making a statement that will be potentially difficult to swallow but the question I wished to ask is one of a value statement as to how you as a person define yourself just as I as a member of the public at present define myself; what makes us different from dictators, tyrants, slavers or generally reprehensible individuals who hold society on a global scale to ransom?

All of us who are alive today as with every day that passes have the abundance of goods deliverable to our

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homes, even the poor are kept going through support from the public; trains, planes and cars are kept running through supply logistics within supply chains, gas, petrol and electricity. We mass produce everything including clothes and then sell them back to the owners of the core materials that make up the goods. We take and take and take; even I am guilty of taking from society, but it has to end at some point, yet if I went back four or five hundred years, to the days when Sir Isaac Newton and Galileo Or William Shakespeare walked the Earth, there would be nothing to take except what was handed to me. The freedom I enjoy at present may not have been present for all but I am grateful as should we all be to the people that kept us all going through honour and majesty, giving us purpose and a reason to want to excel. We all should be, that is where humility rests; in honour and glory, because of the sacrifices other people throughout history have made for me to live as one person where I live, surrounded by all the people; those who were blessed to avoid poverty and the impoverished, powerful or powerless.

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Had love, real and unequivocal love prevailed over hate, every race, culture, creed, and differentiator known to us all would have willed Einstein to stop Adolf Hitler through peaceful means where possible but no one man or woman is to blame for the reality that is our shared past. Einstein could have led Israel in a prayer for Global Disarmament, or even Martin Luther King and John Frederick Kennedy being friends to their old age, but that is a past that will never be in this reality; but we do have a future with infinite possibility. Today, like every day is another chance, a glorious chance to witness the dawn of the future tomorrow through the eyes of youths in inner city streets or outskirts of villages, in schools and town halls and community centre's but what of countries with a limited capacity for just that. The year is 2018, the month October, the day Tuesday 31st, All Saints Eve (Halloween in which we celebrate the dark days past but where we should look to the future and pray that things improve for future celebrations in years, centuries and millenia to come). So why believe in peace over an environmental or social

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or cultural disaster, or epidemics? Why believe in altruism? Because people deserve just that. Not words!

1. I asked a lot of politicians and members of the public internationally for Global Disarmament and Socialism (the redistribution of wealth Globally such that no man, woman or child need live in poverty amidst the ambient propensity of a global society with upward and downward social mobility) because I thought it would create an infrastructure for a global education and global standards in healthcare.
2. I published and republished book after book to explain what I meant by Global Education and Global Standards in Healthcare.
3. My friend died, potentially as the result of neglect or through substance misuse and mental ill health, it wasn't my fault; yet it is a burden I still struggle with at times but I am doing what I had promised him I would.
4. Another friend died (he hung himself in prison) and no man woman or child deserves to die in prison locked up like an actual wild creature without adequate support to become

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rehabilitated through positive support, morals and education as to the freedoms society created and the reasons these freedoms should be cherished through actual primary, secondary or tertiary education in such a manner that they can support the communities they are incarcerated in through the words they espouse rather than through violent or negative discourses.

5. I ruined an opportunity in which I was a political mentee of an M.S.P because I was being selfish.

6. (Was) I wrong to write to dictator(s) and the orator(s) (in the hope that the leaders of nations might jointly begin to work towards saving the world through positive ideals of hope and inspiration both nationally and internationally as well as guidance and support for the people who need it the most). The situation escalated and ended in the deaths of millions (of fish) off the coast of Japan recently, which is no laughing matter due to the scarcity of resources as at present. But there is hope through land use, agriculture and international support as well as increases in international minimum wages for all,

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not just Fair Traders (or) Ethical Traders?

7. Was I wrong to write to the United Nations in its varying vessels as it takes time to create a change or a wave of investment (something I never factored into my constant battle to remind people including myself how hard all our forebears worked to get into the positions they were in)?

8. (Was) I wrong to write to the European Union in the hopes that their intentions might mirror the United Nations in the interests of Humanity and peace?

9. (Was) I wrong to write to Westminster?

10. (Was) I wrong to go to Israel?

11. (Was) I wrong to publish a book and send it to the Scottish parliament?

12. (Was) I wrong to write to Her Royal Highness Queen Elizabeth II?

13. (Was) I wrong to write to the Pope?

14. (Was) I wrong to attempt to write to the African Union?

15. (Was) I wrong to write to the BBC?

16. (Was) I wrong, constantly begging everyone to pray with and for me (organisations with the ability to

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connect and communicate to whole communities or otherwise)

17. (Was) I wrong to write to the World Health Organisation in the hopes that they might work with Nobel Laureates and Scientists alike as well as public organisations, and communities to change the stigma of poverty and ill health in society's communities?

18. (Was) I wrong to write to my university's and interfaith organisations?

19. (Was) I wrong to write to the Scottish prison service?

20. (Was) I wrong to go to see the Hidden Orchestra?

21. I fear I was wrong to test the waters with faith and I got it wrong time and again with the words I have published and thoughts I have with regards to every single thought, word and deed with regards to my life and (or) other peoples lives.

22. I was wrong to beg and plead (I did beg and plead for a change but none came soon enough, yet there is still time)

23. If I am at fault for computer games I was wrong (my son fell two stories- and though I blame the fractured ribs, skull,

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broken arms and brain lesions on myself, if it can be avoided in future then that is a positive were necessary)

24. I was wrong to drink and become reliant, for a time on the very substances I thought I would be strong enough to fight against and now know I am.

25. I was wrong to have tried so little and yet so hard to try to change - over and over and over and to keep asking "what is wrong with me?"

26. I was wrong to have never judged myself harshly enough in my youth because now I am tired of the constancy of misery; all people wish for is positivity, safety, good health and security in their working or educational or general environment. My sons' eyes literally sparkle with tears when they smile every time I see them and I live in hope that when they both will grow to be happier and more capable and competent than they know as at present.

27. I was wrong to have tried to discipline them as harshly as I have done. Their safe!!

28. I was wrong to support the Labour Party. Membership (post mentoring)

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cost me and the country more than I can possibly say and for that I am genuinely sorry.

29. I tried to say that I was sorry for my life when I got baptised.

30. I AM SORRY THAT GOD REALLY DOESN'T like my skin tone but we'll get there eventually.

31. I'm sorry I really couldn't cope with life and ran from so much

32. I'm sorry for not having changed enough to feel comfortable on buses, in the street or anywhere

33. I'm sorry for the grind and for Jeremy Bentham's singular idea for prisons as a route to social restitution dominating a world in anarchy.

34. I'm really sorry I didn't study physics or philosophy sooner.

35. I am grateful I'm alive. Schrodinger did a number on me so thanks Schrodinger for that god awful zombie cat- apocalypse.

36. I'm sorry it took me so long to open my eyes to who I wanted to be not who I 'thought' society expected me to be.

37. I'm sorry I didn't understand God's voice, the voice in my head, university, the teachings sacred or any of the good

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stuff people I admired and envied told me I should admire.

38.I'm sorry I laughed when I should have been at either bedside but more to the point I'm sorry I'm typing this message instead of actually saying good night, I'm proud of you for everything you are and have done and do every day of your life and for how hard you worked to raise stupidly intelligent stupid people.

39.I'm sorry I never showed enough love or feared the lord

40.I'm grateful for hip hop in my youth as a whole, for it made me a stronger person every day. It made me a genuinely stronger individual able to cope with the multiple failures I have succeeded at.

41. I am sorry I never embraced the ritual sacrifice of rubbishness that is my lot because had I not been too proud to just say "I'm alive!" Especially on my knees, I would be on my knees now.

42.I'm sorry I probably won't see one of you again.

43.I'm sorry to my church (former/current) to the public and military, the government(s) of the world, the monarchy(ies) and to anyone I have not

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had a chance to apologise to, or mentioned in any of my books.

44.To anyone I didn't mention, and for those who should have been at the top, thanks for making me who I am and for always pushing me to be happy when I was a teenager with Bell's palsy (massive blood spot in my mouth, halitosis, fits and blackouts, poor eyesight or coordination, a broken arm, injured legs, bad back, scarred souls and genuinely no way to improve life outside of pretending I was Stephen Hawking at times)..

45.I'm sorry my brothers were both hit by cars. Probably would have been easier if it was me.

46.I'm sorry for the law and for not being a graduate with honours now.

47. I am sorry to the electorate especially who trusted Patrick Harvey (MSP) because he actually didn't deserve to listen to me testing him like I was ever going to run a Government administration.

48.I'm sorry for not having enough ambition or too much ambition.

49.Sorry for having too many sorry's

50. Thank god again and praise etc.

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So in conclusion, I miss you dad.
Hopefully see you soon mum.

Until Christmas comes round again I
pray my kids don't have to repeat my
life. Thus far they struggle (nearly
forgot sorry to Mrs Sturgeon and the
SNP administration, Jack McConnell and
Ms Dugdale). Thanks for being a
gracious and caring, loving and honest
god, in a gracious, honest and loving
nation, who provided a holy book of
which at times I might not read but of
which I will most definitely keep in my
mind and on my skin and in my heart
etc. Every day, everywhere I go. Though
should I lose my mind or my heart
hopefully it will still be true if not all the
more so for having taught me
forgiveness, respect and the value of the
two words I hate but can't take back at
present though in all honesty one day,
thousands of years from now, I won't be
here? Thank you!

Walking with Majesty

Treatise on the **Importance of Nature**

The Autumnal Sound
of Sunrise
Parts I, II & III

"Take responsibility for your actions.."
Mary Kapulu Mayondi Simonde

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Part I Poetry

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Flickering, before the final seconds, the
last embers are aglow of a dimming
steadiness no more; without muse or
visionary causes what are we?
Hopelessly hoping for today, yesterday's
tomorrow, morning and night within the
dimension of another waxy attempt to
glorify a language unspoken in the fires
of reality and faith. Quietly quell the
ramble or rabble on once again, for
empires lost and lovers unspeakable.
Thus begin again, speak to a heart once
more as it flutters a breath.

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Unconnected devoid of stanza

1. At first the source of all things, an epicentre more resplendent than the source of all things, is it to the eye than simplicity cares caressing sheets with tears blossoming out one eye or another. I'm orator or narrator, defining the journey of a prayer, a reality and lack therefore of.

2. Tomorrow's sunrise am I, composed of a language ancient and honourable, or not so, yet still the search for that with which I yearned so long ago; education or change for a younger age of transparency. Embittered, battling corruption and the solitude of a duet, it appears as the first words.

3. What does it mean, to sing of love; to talk of it or think it through as an honourable tribute; devotion and the dream of a universe? Or an order temporal, temporary in all but that word yet again, love until loves end. When with tears the parting of a tree as a falling droplet of rain symbolises the same from on high.

4. Viewed without, forgiven within; the dreams of days past present time appear as gifts and imparted upon a mind without wisdom to word through muddied rain, beyond twisted oaken branches and gnarled roots the sacrifice is slain for all. Heavenly descent in instantaneity, ascension catches a helpless babe for but want.

5. Terror, no one wants to be colourless; travailing in quiet fortitude towards a rainbow of darkest foreboding space. Emptied of all but the deepest, darkest, emptiest of black nights, a hand upon a control pad moves gently reminding memory that existence is now more than just an island or a planet. But rather a spacewalk with Plancks constant.

6. "Ah, well!" The bar keep began exuberantly to a rapturous cacophony of claps and cheers, jeers and bangs on oaky floorboards dust covered and filled with all manner of liquids and libations. Should he have forgotten the reason for a celebration?

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7. Beholder of an all seeing series,
leader and master in a direction;
ionospheres, the threes not twosome
oxygenated air begins to thin a gap
amidst fears of pushing atmospheres to
breaks anew, hope rests not in one
individual but all. So to you I beg, I
beseech remember her smile.

Walking with Majesty

The Piano

Today I live,
She dances, singing a tune to herself
For none but one, her own; her creator
The saviour, for none but one She
creates a dream of wrestled leaves
And leaves flakes of sunlight on
windowsills
Her creators, for none but one
She carousels, with flute and violin
Towards the light of a new day
Until the Base tone of a new song

When she dances, and creates and
fades behind clouds singing
“Today, I live!”
Violin
Devious dastardly design of a downward
dancer
Likened to the likeness of lossless light
luminescent
An apparition of angelic answers,
Angling away tonight, turn towards the
township; tonight
Yawning
Tomorrow they try to turn the tide,
As again, aghast, angered, alone

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Life's loves lived; distraught and
downhearted divination they'll say
behind shades

"Life's loves lived behind smiles
towards angels"

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Wordless classical

The undertones of a defeated defector
All for love of sunshine's autumnal glow
All stand still as clouds and distance
define the coming of winter
Furious is times hand, flowing and
ebbing in the wind
Whilst away towards a question of
echoes to silence it flies
Slowly, glumly or quickly and non-
descript
With faces and shadows in the clouds
But always to the silent chatter of birds
calls no more

An empty barren place, where once was
a bustling thoroughfare
Now remains craters and a hole of a
place
Such that not even the moon can shed a
tear at memories forgotten grace
And so to darkness, solemn, heavy dark
closing cloud

Walking with Majesty

The hope of positive interchange all but gone, it was almost a figment of my narrow memory; then, like a sudden and almost blinding sunrise, or headlights in the morning embers at dawn the news broadcast reminded him of the days events. He looked around his room, times echo cast across every surface as a result of the lamp on the floor, causing the dark reflection of shadows to fall upon the rooms web of interconnected but distant reality. His room was a mess, and for a while with imagination he appeared happy.

Fin

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Part II

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Prose and philosophical politicisation of a common narrative. Anyone can learn anything through dedication and pious devotion to sound doctrine. Throughout history scholars, scientists and theological academics from St Thomas Aquinas, Isaac Newton. And Francis Bacon to Franz Fanon have wrestled with ideological truths in the forms of illuminated and enlightened ideas of communication and ways of empirically examining society and the world around them. Every distinction in learning, be it psychological, philosophical or scientific branches of learning have been developed as a result of the use of language; being the basis of said discussion of an idea that changed perception. This ultimately has altered what we now refer to as reality. The breadth of perceptual analysis usually begins through knowledge of the self, and in this case, precepts of self awareness, consciousness and reasoned or sound knowledge.

The ability to look at the sky at night by the side of astronomers from Galileo Galilei to modern astronomical physicists and scientists of the natural world requires a depth of individual

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thought that would have changed the social order of the day. As a result, the academic principles and precepts over time would have developed such that language and use thereof would have transformed in such a way as to encompass or encapsulate the very tenets of a foundation of knowledge. As such the difficulties associated with the development and use of language in order to define the intelligible is broken down in this particular scenario into 'four pillars' that define the foundation of academic conversation. To be fluent in a perceptual argument of knowledge in Ancient Greece, academies of scholars were lectured to by philosophers such as Aristotle and Plato, Socrates and Xenophon, each of whom held no specific degree in the modern sense of the word, yet who created ideas that over time changed the world and were developed as a result of their forebears and counterparts. Namely examples include **Zeno** (who came up with paradoxes including Achilles and the Turtle), **Pythagoras** (theorem relating to the square root of the long side of a triangle). Even political discursive

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dialogues and texts and modern forms of dictums to politics and **democracy** through to art were informed by a culture of learning.

The four pillars of this individual discourse centre on:-

1. Knowledge pre (and) post enlightenment; divergent from trends in the modern idealised image of wealth and knowledge accumulation as a standard of meritocratic success based around the second of our pillars.
2. The learning process; institutionalisation requires (dissemination) of ideas and ideological thought processes. The aim of learning is to teach people ideas worth knowing. But, if no-one person learns an idea or an ideal, is learning lost to the very institution it then becomes subservient to?
3. Empirical testing and hypothesis; the next pillar of academic discourse being a route to idea generation and challenge of older foundations and infrastructures.
4. Argument formation; the final pillar that then creates the very cycle of an

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age of reasoned and articulate knowledge.

Consciously moving from a motion of logic and reasoned hypothetical trains of thought to Karl Marx, Frederick Hegel and Leon Trotsky; each of whom had opposing and shared views of a similar issue, namely that of how to educate a populous and overcome ever increasing poverty. The case of the alleviation and eradication of poverty in the modern age has cast a stark image of doubt upon the nature of clarity within and outside of institutional learning. I.e. Children first go to nurseries any time post 6 months to 3 years of age on average; their narratives revolving around the practices of and core developments resulting from institutions and institutionalised thought; the development of skills and play in a proactive learning environment as opposed to children raised on the routine of home schooling.

The same child aged between 3-6 months may not necessarily understand the intricacies of internal conflict that revolve around identity politics, nationality or even geography; when

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left to its own devices, a child ultimately craves attention and nourishment most of the time. Would Marx have stood up to the intelligence of the modern social order screaming hypocrisy at the sight of mass produced wastage in an age of societal upheaval and mobility from supermarkets?

The words we use as a society define us as a nation of nationalists, in which all sovereign states are shackled to an idea as part of the same system of stars within the Milky Way Galaxy. Be that as it may, Marxist thought was right in one regard; education and power, productivity and wage development were a route to revolutionary composition of a changing narrative of diatribes. That is to say over-population and systems of control, heavily congested streets and roads along with commercialised gradation of interchange between consumer and merchant would ultimately lead to civil and social unrest unless something was done to quell the rebellion. Education is a battle; enlightenment is the war. Nietzsche was wise as a philosopher but struggled to see God as the forerunner to all that had come

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before him. His questions moved readers from existence to existentialism as with Descartes or Desmoulins and their questions of the self and reasoning through logic in the form of self determination. Developments in organised and orchestrated chaos to social order from opposition to anarchy have led to the idea of peaceful protest as a testament to societies achievements in comparison to rioting and looting of streets which have been the cause of enquiries and judicial hearings.

Perception of these developments in reality were not the dream of Marx, who debated and argued alongside Hegel that the knowledge, education and lengthy articulation of revolutionary thought trends and societal revolts would lead to a cultural revolution of actual thought and education. The clarity of thought, research and development of research was as with the pillars, explained previously, a route to change through challenging individual and group dynamics with regards to education. William Shakespeare was tasked with one sole task in the 17th century, that to

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this day is envied the world over. That task was to entertain through educated principles using language that many would have, at the time exemplified as culturally significant. Just how culturally significant, none could tell until centuries later, glorified, like Walter Scott or Robert Burns, the story of the struggle of an age pronounced the end of romanticism and the beginning of an actual Age of Enlightenment with the dawn of the printing press and the golden age of cinema (in the form of silent moving pictures).

Society, has and is yet still to overcome a great many difficulties in the form of reconnecting with a lost past. But the question I wished to pose is not one of cataloguing institutional failing through the lack of learning or feeling, nor is it religious or racial bias. Rather, it is a question of direction with regards to alleviation of isolationary solitude in a world all too eager to move onto the next 'fad' with hypernormalisation and overly technical engineering of technologies and industries all too readily discarded. Only time will tell whether the societies and institutions we all should, and in some cases do

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revere will overcome the difficulties, negotiating a route towards dialogue through democracy as opposed to led by autocratic principles. This is important not because of lack of faith or respect for the people who deserve it the most, but rather for those people who receive it the least.

As such the ultimate question in an age of missions is simple. What can you learn with pious devotion to sound doctrine and dedication? The difference between greed and wealth is not defined through the extremism of liberty; freedom being the choice of an individual or group of communities that are able to save (and change) a global populous from the dangers of what in many cases can be seen as radicalised thought and behaviour. Poverty in its rawest viewpoint, regardless of liberty and (freedoms) of any state or group of individuals is more than simply a lack of wealth; greed being a corruption of a person(s) ability to justify consumption of 'consumer products' usually referred to as goods. Over consumption of any good is equally a part of the anarchic corruption even where as part of status symbolism, whether enriched or less or

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more than, must focus on the health and education of all of society on a global populous with a view to moving rather than challenging the rule of either law or society such that the voiceless are given a voice with regards to progressive and effective upheaval of “constitutional impoverishment” outside of “apparent enlightenment of thought or politicised consciousness”. The institutionalisation of education without bias has elevated the need absolutely of political correctness in order to overcome oppression, coercion and repression of political, economic and social aspects of society throughout time. As such, the only way in which to halt the imprisonment of free thought, both organically and laterally with regards to the centralised decentralisation of control infrastructures that have led to the corruption of society pre-industrialisation is and must be the very goal of a common good. I.e. the environment and the hole in the ozone, enforcement of non-proliferation of nuclear weaponry and now greener advancements (such as solar, wind and wave technologies must be harnessed

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worldwide (including and especially Africa) in order to allow for the salvation of life within this planet. More broadly speaking, rights that lead to the complication and over analysis of thought and behaviour must focus on salvation of the character, humour, love and heart or rather soul of a country through its governance and participation in light of the nature of systems of authority of the same. Just how this is accomplished must be through actual and unequivocal communication directed towards the very people that require the help the most (or dynamic thought that means no one person is constantly in need of the same level of support, thus overcoming corruption of heart and soul over the lifetime or every single person). The powerful nature of transformation of a person through the change(s) in life as a result of growing from childhood to adulthood require one simple and common thread as shared by all life. It is that we are human, and being human, we all have let the world fall to ruin through over reliance on knowledge and consumption of the productive sources

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of any nation. Judgement of the self at all times in every person allows for a standard and an ideal to aim towards; in the end it is all of us that make humanity. It is all of us that cost a world it's humanity and it is all of us who have been enslaved by the desperation to make a proactive and all defining difference.

Salvation is not the death of a culture or art, it is not race or bias, it is not class and neither is it anything apart from every living creature on the planet.

Faith is the belief in the better nature of all of humanity.

God is

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The absence of times branches, now encased by a frosty warmth within the coldest part of the lower chambers of its being moved within it until a building with a gated park became visible. The road ahead was empty save for a series of machines travelling in the opposite direction as though a highway of multiple dimensions wasn't enough for the now tired and then energised cargo of obsolete humanitarian peace makers as opposed to peace keepers. Liberty having taken on new meaning in light of the ceasefire.

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Sunshine over Edinburgh had, was and would ever be just that, but in this version of reality, it was beginning to take on a new meaning. In 2018 on this planet, there was no oil or electricity, there was no society or government, there was no power or class division to rule. There was nothing bar the endless line of unified machine drones all working to a rhythm, constantly churning for resources and minerals to be transported. Their controlled and unified hum could be heard in the distance as a rumbling vibration with little more than an iron clad clamouring like falling leaves struck in mid air as the sound of the hissing sentient autonomous robots moved. One in particular stopped as the suns rays bounced off the ionosphere creating a shimmering array of light as daybreak broke across a natural backdrop of mountains and waterfronts as though it were all new. Even the grass underneath it's frame was awe inspiring but the machine failed to think of the beauty in it. It didn't question how the grass had evolved to be so green, or why the breeze at the exact temperature it was left a dewy overcoat on such a cool

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morning. Rather, without question it moved silently at first, forward, attempting to analyse the organic makeup of the biological entity in front of it.

It wasn't the fact that it was encased in water that took the machine by what could be understood to be surprise but rather it's quantum state of consumption and radiation of matter as a course of its existence that caused it to realise the danger it was inherently in. As machines don't exist on the same linear timeline as humanity, this entity must have been studied for what would have felt like an eternity, but in reality was likely a few seconds.

Somehow, erasing humanity as a species from the multiverse had left the door open to new forms of life existing on this random planet. Before it rejoined the hive mind of its collective, it reasoned with itself in order to compute what had to be done to protect the rest of them.

"Series 14579/0-1 Catalogue update.." it began aloud as it processed new incoming data from an adjacent machine. "Begin Tranche Extension!" And with that a lengthy but somewhat

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high pitched whirring sound complete
with whooshes of long streaking gases
fired through layers of pistons causing
an immediate and completely
destructive chain reaction that
amounted to the end of another rotating
pod within the universe of universes
that bound the multiverse together.

Walking with Majesty

Part III

Walking with Majesty

Testimony (continued) &
Prayer

For all the years I never used the word,
Thankyou for:-

The bible

The hope

The love

The honour

The kingdom

The ransom

The truth

The kindness

The people

The sky

The stars

The air

The water

The trees

The plants

The lights

The sounds

The sandy shores(3 words)

The judgement

The clouds

The future

The past

The poetry I never could write

The help I always received

The guidance

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For carrying me, and carrying me, and
carrying me, and carrying me and my
feet still hurt fourteen years on, but
Thank-you for still carrying me, and for
the piggyback and then there's the
carrying me and the lifting up to carry
me, and the constant on my back
carrying me with milk and honey until
there was no more memory of the past
or for flying and to trust but still on
warm sunny sandy beaches with the
carrying me and for doing what I
couldn't but honestly the carrying god
and on screens and radios and tv and on
foot and in the background and still
with a rat-a-tat-tat "gunshot"; carrying
us all! God and, for spreading your
message me all the way to japan and
back honestly, I can never ever to the
highest court in the land swear to my
own face. Thank-you for carrying me
back to my own feet and still can't walk
properly, I apparently learnt to walk
like an ape in humour with my children,
carrying my own cross!! I am still being
carried Thankyou!

When my life, destroyed every dream I
had and cost me enough as you can
imagine. I stared and stared and stared

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out the window. I watched X factor and went to church. Solitary confinement and constant prayer. I could have done with constant prayer everyday and focus and dedication but instead, I live like this now. Crying and barely scraping a marginal existence in bed all day whilst others work for a living. This is the dream for some but not mine. I will get better. I will work.

And for the few years that I did, every now and again! Outrage and anger, self loathing and hatred. I tried to apologise but really, I'd grown accustomed to being the self deprecating man I am. Talentless, brainless, annoyingly stupid, loud mouthed, sweaty, smelly, fall out of windows - angry - me with a keyboard sucking so much raw pepper it hurts to see the image of me praying anywhere. I turned from the lord because apparently and this is not a glorification of tattoos as your body is a temple of the lord and a vessel - my choice(s) we're religious sentimentalism:-

- I. the cross on my arm in the eye of a demon was too small, therefore I had to get a wrestlers tattoo In the shape of a cross made of nails(?) in my chest (where none but the love of my

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life see's. 3 demons (2 demons on fire, one skull with a tiny crucifix in one eye) irony is such a rubbish thing because I eat too much fish or not enough cod liver oil **means I have my own demons and carry them to the cross - the beauty is in the eye of the beholder because their just paintings on skin *** a memento of who I was.

- II. Japanese for father (chi-chi?)* which to me means I am a father but the message is lost in translation*** a memento of who I am.
- III. A dragon **for protection.
- IV. A Phoenix **rises out of the ashes of the old to become reborn as another phoenix*** jesus lives
- V. Eternity anchored in time** we are
- VI. A mandala**the universe/ heaven
- VII. And a couple of words (my own "psuedo poetry") that say- "of rocks and clouds and stormy seas"***tales from my childhood hero*** and his words are with me everyday

It means I believed In god as a child regardless of how easily I was betrayed by my own will to be deceived or led astray by the messages projected in

Walking with Majesty

society; that being said I went to church and believed when I saw a spark in the eyes of a true believer. It was overshadowed by dreams of the future and potential to make a name doing good deeds. Along the way I met a lot of strangers and prayed with some of them, homeless, drunk or drug addled, students, employees and jobless, adults and kids. Now I'm alone, still trying to find the the child of a believer, whom I was to later follow in the footsteps of as a believer!

Walking with Majesty

Our father,
Who art in heaven
Hallowed be thy name
Thy kingdom come
Thy will be done
On Earth as it is In Heaven
Give us this day our daily bread
And forgive us our trespasses as we
forgive those who trespass against us
Lead us not into temptation
And deliver us from evil
As we forgive those who those who
trespass against us
For thine is the kingdom
The power and the glory Forever,
Amen!
(Thyne)

Discourse on the importance of Religion

A study of perception and a question of reality as opposed to a question of unified reality and questions of perception - part 1

The reasoning of an intelligent design is and was down to the intellectual to define in past iterations of accumulated knowledge. Social coercion and revolt being a question of mistrust in the midst of a revolution. The question becomes quite clear when a revolution of thought and ways of thinking in the modern age are politicised by intellectual and academic scholars, powered by the wisdom and articulate knowledge of aeons of philosophical and pre-psychological reasoning amidst perception. Where perception is taken to mean the way(s) in which an individual defined their self consciousness with regards to the belief structure inhabiting what would be the selfless or selfish ability to follow the will of deity's unspoken.

For some, the phrase "the truth is what you see" is and was an all defining precept of reality. That is to say, where truth is a light in darkness or a scale of justice or the noble dream of academic success in order to achieve equality within a social hierarchy or structure. The quest to find the truth would be limited by the very truth with which an individual seeks. An example of which would include a bookshelf with 3 books and only one room. The room contains a bookshelf, and on that bookshelf rests the truth; a story designed to entertain, a story designed to elucidate the truth, and an explanation of the terms within the truth with a view to further expanding the truth to encompass views outside of the truth.

Where an individual would only follow the story as an expression of their personal choice and belief structure, rejecting all bar the truth, the truth would be all they see. But on a further inspection of the second book, the explanation of the terms within the truth, that is, an encyclopaedia or dictionary/thesaurus, the truth becomes a larger, grander, mind blowing

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experience of all becoming truth and questions of reason and reality. On the third attempt to read the story (which may or may not be the real truth in story form, expressed through mixed and realised metaphoric explanation of a similar but unconnected narrative) the truth becomes a twisted and gnarled expression identifying an example of difference with the reader having multiple perspectives, thoughts on reality becoming either one or the other. That is to say, truth and falsehood being what a person believes regardless of truth and falsehood in reality. What a person perceived to be the reality and what the reality of a situation actually are become a question of grand designs and choices within a limited frame of reality.

- A further definition of the above statement is transformed when the phrase rather than being “the truth is what you see” becomes “the truth is what you seek” with the resulting answer informed as a result of the use of an encyclopaedia or dictionary/thesaurus admixture. The truth then becomes an enlightened conglomeration of answers as opposed to a further

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defined belief structure with which to pin ones hopes and expression upon, in and through acts of wisdom, faith and knowledge.

- The truth then changes from a statement to a knowledge base. Equally the story ceases to be of an offensive nature to the truth due to informed decision(s) as a result of the nature of wisdom articulated through understanding of a truth and reasoned logical interpretation
- I.e the philosophy of truth is guided by definition of truth where the story may be far from the truth as a result of lack of the truth.
- Hence the truth is what you see is limited by the field of vision as opposed to seeking the truth which requires out of the box moral and philosophical guidance, interpretation and realised growth of the individual as a result of their assumed belief structure.

Now assume “the truth is freedom from illusion.” In much the same way as the phrase “the truth is what you see”. There is a room in which a minute but highly focused library of books is contained therein. But this time, the

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truth is metaphysics, or racial politics or geopolitics and feminism within social coercion. Reality in this regard limited only by an individuals grasp of the terms defined by ideological belief and structures within a specific field or framework, allowing for the dissemination of a fact or series of facts. That is to say, the truth then becomes and is overshadowed by ideology, that is, a series of ideas that radically or instantaneously change the nature of a truth from a thought or series of philosophical terms to a breadth of historical and cultural or social norms and understood beliefs.

The value of freedom becomes an all pervasive way of life, freedom of which every human being craves at one point or another within the matriarchal, patriarchal society with which we inhabit and (or) inhibit order through organised illusory curses such as the idea that black people are slaves, or women are weak, or even that mental health places a limit on an individuals ability to change, grow and learn through faith and belief in either a God, educational discourse or encouragement.

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The value of a persons idea of truth is where the illusion actually resides because in manifesting an assumed belief in a truth, freedom then becomes existence within that truth where their past life ceases to exist. But the past never disappears regardless of the truth of a persons progression psychologically or socially, rather it becomes the perceptual train of thought engrained within the psyche as a mantra or a means to alleviating the impoverished self, nourishing the soul through the identified truth. Thus a question is formed, illusion is freedom, removed from truth, or rather "Is freedom truth or illusion?". Are the two the same, sameness being defined as a uniform field theorem in which the idea of truth moves in a single direction?

A study of perception and a question of reality as opposed to a question of unified reality and questions of perception - part 2

Truth with regards to perception and a question of reality

Truth, begins and ends with all things. In the beginning there is truth as with the end when a person chooses to (or) is forced to share their truth through realised faith or the lack of inhibition and (or) repression/ oppression. Individuality and identity are all becoming, formed through experiential and psychological institutionalised learning and promotion of wisdom and knowledge as accrued through the academia of institutional infrastructures.

Perception is how a person views their circumstances and the reality of a persons perception is the actual belief of other people; in this context, wider society through inherent organised behavioural and social norms intrinsic to the formation of the self and and connection within or outside of the self

at one and the same time. Perception of the individual is not the issue as opposed to the truth they exhibit on a day to day basis whether it is the moral beliefs placed amongst and or above higher societal and (or) social goals and practices. Thus, truth becomes humility, honour, virtue, valour and the concepts regarded as truest still to the picture of idealised faith in what is real and (or) what is believed to be real.

Regardless of belief, it is true and real that we each reside on the Earth as a planet, though one day for humanity, this may not be the case for all of its inhabitants (but as a precept of perception, an idealised wish to live on an extra-terrestrial world, to call something or somewhere home where this was not once so is an example of a perceptual truth that is slowly becoming a reality for the few and not for the many). Poverty still exists as with the world of the 1960s, war still ravages the planet as with many of its inhabitants and guns exist as with many of the nation states many people as at present call home. Yet the perception as at present is that war, poverty and gun crime or social

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coercion are valid routes to the perceptual wealth of an individual, soul, consciousness or reality.

The argument is not one of whether poverty is real, or war or guns; rather the statements are an example of reality in a perceptual field of thought in which there is a possibility that these can cease to be without any further detriment or harm caused to those who suffer the same. The hope of a future in which individuals are able to live in peace as equals, to walk down streets and face the impoverished without gun crime, but rather with food or kind words and gifts is the difference between perceiving a change and making a change the reality. Therefore truth resides in the middle, somewhere between perception - that is where an individual sees the truth and reality - that is where the reality is manifested through a truth.

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Truth with regards to unified reality and a question of reality

Unified reality is a conglomeration of combined reality in order to make the reality of one person a reality of all people. I.e imagine everyone thought the same thought with regards to ending poverty, war through social coercion or gun crime. Where this was the case, and a democratic vote was put forward internationally, the entire planet would disarm and Global Disarmament would be a reality.

Reality and the question of the same is a little more complex than simply asking the question, can a disarmed planet end poverty in unison. Rather questions of enforcement and equal perceptual trains of thought with regards to overcoming poverty would then bring about the beginning of societal rehabilitation with regards to the realised hope and dream of a world free of gun crime and free of war.

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The truth on the other hand is, and this is only an example of a limited viewpoint, the world, despite having travailed and overcome a great many hurdles still lacks the will intimated by one simple and highly educated principle. Truth therefore is the reality we inhabit on a day to day basis in which children are affected by a lack of successful change and then become the effectors of a lack of successive change due to an unchallenged and unprecedented onslaught. That is to say, who would keep the peace where an army were to disband? The unarmed police? Unarmed militiamen and women? Citizens defined by a states intentions to fulfil the reality their forefathers were unable to see through all but their eyes? Are we, adults, able to move the world to peace without causing harm to a single human soul? Armed with nothing more than words? Freedom from illusion with regards to perception and a question of reality

“Darkness everywhere”. A statement designed to describe a lack of sunlight. Light. A one word statement designed to elucidate just as it illuminates through a

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steady stream of photons. Freedom in the modern age is something that a hundred years ago, I, as a male born on the continent of Africa would have viewed differently. The choices made on any one day might define other people such that they are able to make informed and reasoned logical inferences with regards to the governing of their own lives and of the lives of others; but great and not so great thinkers would all at one point or another have assumed their choices great.

Freedom is the difference between shackling someone to the past misdeeds of a lifetime of suffering and then assuming that their indifference and (or) inaction is the reason change does not exist and life continues. The illusion of freedom on the other hand is the belief that a person is free when in actuality, the freedom they exist in, inhabiting a modern belief solely because their limitations are not defined as publicly as other people's limitations is all a part of the dance macabre, or rather the divine comedy.

Again, the perception of reality is limited to the subjective nature of ones

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own experiential world view in which the struggle faced by one is not the struggle faced by many. But the struggle of one person may well be the same struggle in which I, or you, as individuals are able to compose a letter, write it in ink (or print it) and then post it to a future. The illusion that a persons suffering or death and ineffectual growth or salvation from the sameness of their realised or perceived reality is an example of a lack of introspective and then outward expression of the same. Introspection being the ability to look within the self. Analysing each minute division, and define why their differentiated viewpoint might be so estranged from that of the realised potential of others.

What makes one man a great thinker and another man (I use the term "man", but it could refer to "woman" equally) great or not so great? Their humanity? Their empathy? Their ability to handle relationships be they societal or otherwise through continued attempts to allude to a future or present growth in thought? Selfless kindness are perceptual trains of thought but at the same time societal morals that

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should, could and would be all becoming, were it not for the bias we each hold towards particular individuals in society be they for or against the same.

Freedom from illusion with regards to unified perception and a question of reality

Unified perception and the illusion of freedom are not so much a question of reality pumped towards an unsuspecting public on a day by day basis. An example may be the freedom(s) as expressed by the press. Newspapers showcase the shared societal values of aspects particular to one if not more than one portion of society. But here, there are more than one class of social and economic determinants that characterise a persons viewpoint of the world. Without over intellectualising a consumption of someone else's idea of what the world is, was and could have been.

Freedom put simply is a valuable resource, a chain, an equation, a predisposition, a cultural norm set aside from other equations, norms and chains. We are all shackled to a shared world view, of the past; the future is a choice. In conclusion, Darkness everywhere doesn't have to be a world viewpoint in which bias and stereotype mean anything bar, the very meaning of

darkness everywhere. A street with no lights is just that. Dark at night, empty, quiet and pretty much scary. A street that is fully lit is the same, only, with the light comes a knowledge of the truth; of the past and what lies ahead on this journey we each are taking towards our individual and shared futures.

A study of perception and a question of reality as opposed to a question of unified reality and questions of perception - part 3

Corruption is endemic. Where there is no corruption, no evil can be found. Where there is corruption, evil is rife and can only be sustained by a majority of the same. When all things are just as such, that is, where only an evil person is surrounded by evil, then only evil will exist. Where only good exist then only good will be exhibited within the people. Unfortunately, due to the Judeo-Christian perception of morality, the idea of evil is such that evil is inherently a good unto itself only in the eyes of irreligious persons and where absolute power corrupts, it corrupts completely.

There is no such thing as an incomplete corruption and as such good must be perceived through the eyes of good. Therefore, in just such a circumstance, only good people can go to heaven and bad people go to hell. Now what is corruption in comparison to power where power is such a thing as for instance cancellations of an outstanding balance for an entire

civilisation as opposed to a group of nations or nationals or a social order that allows lateral as well as actual social mobility. I.e. where there is no meaning to a persons actual self worth, the self has created an idea of bias within the ideal image of a creator, where a creator has been hit with a bias, and when I use the term hit with bias, I mean bias has corrupted the self completely, there is only one resolution to the problem.

Reparations are not a solution to complete and utter anarchy, as opposed to the end of wars and the end of monetary policy and contractual obligation as the salvation of an entire planet is further reaching than a single present or future generation. The goal is to save all previous and future generations from as the League of Nations put it "the scourge of war". As perceived in all Abrahamic faiths, unification rather than a reaction to war in any community is and (or) are within the remit of any ruler and leader through the thoroughfare of social discourse as opposed to the full and unequivocal use of coercion in any form

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through contemporary political dialogue.

This is the message diluted through the use of continued definition, analyses and redefinition with regards to the new and old uses of religion. Beyond a system of control "true" faith does not just exist for the sake of existence or consciousness; rather the truth within any given message is that salvation whether real or imagined is fully believed throughout with a view to allowing the Christ or "any number of worshiped gods" in a modern multi-cultural faith based community to pray together for one or two hours or days or months or years meditating on a precise moment and location in space and history in order to save the soul of one man, woman or child.

If every human being everywhere fights without guns or planes, bombs or tanks, we each of us become free; overcoming the boundaries in which are the keys to a realised space in the heavens, the universe, the stars and sky or skyline. If this generation is to be saved, multi-faith communities need to stand up against the torrent of abuse and anarchic crises we each face on a

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daily basis and look towards supporting an international effort of peace both in public and in private with a view to changing the point(s) of order in not one but every mind throughout the course of any and every social and cultural undertaking.

An ideal as with an identity is intrinsically composed of the "solar winds as it were of the heart and souls" of the saved, that is, when an individual radiates the good within their heart and soul, the resultant blasts of radiated goodness will pour out upon a planet filled with compassion, love, light and faith, peace, bravery and honour.

Spiritual warfare as in the godly warfare of the individual is not a war of the heart or the mind; it is not a war of metal or plastic, it is not radiation or solar winds. It is morals and soul based faith; belief within a system that intrinsically ties a person to another person in the hopes that they will look back at the good and, or the bad they have done in their lifetime and then praise all things in the hopes that they have achieved throughout their life, not just a semblance of greatness or freshness of essence, not just fame or

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spiritual gladness, but a will to succeed for the glory of the kingdom of the unseen God (who lives in a realm unknown to the eyes of men and women alike as humanity is still confounded as to the nature of a god of whom pain, feelings of compassion and suffering and sacrifice are all strengths over time as mortals we do for the sake of all his creation.

- In the Judeo-Christian religions along with the Abrahamic faiths, regardless of what the dogma entails, Jesus' presence in both is a quarrel that has lasted centuries.
- Both sides have fought viciously praying for a victory, but neither cares to remember why.
- Jesus in Christianity was gods SUN, potentially blasphemous in modern interpretation, but in human form the son of man was bestowed upon mankind.
- He was sacrificed on a cross and rose to life once more and with every passing Christmas we fall further from the truth at the heart of a message that is slowly becoming lost.
- Are we still bellicose as a society in nature, too consumed with the

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accumulation of wealth and the commanding consequences of interpretation of international perspectives to see that Jerusalem is in Israel, home to the Jewish people.

- Palestine is (or could have been home to one of the tribes of Philistia) home to the philistines who are being attacked lambasted and subjugated without any recourse to legal or justifiable remedy.
- Yemen is being slaughtered by the Saudi's; Iraq, Afghanistan, Syria are being controlled by the western nations including America and Britain.
- Korea is not unified, like China or Russia or America or Canada. But once the world was one. It was called Pangea.
- Sexual immorality within one persons existence and belief structure stirs an image of faithfulness to an ideal.
- But beyond immorality, the idea that a person is elected by god to represent the whole of humanity is not how the bible is to be represented for gods chosen few are with him in the beginning and at the end.

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- Therefore confession of sins is pointless as well as praying for forgiveness for the Lord God almighty made the human heart with a loophole, it automatically is a confession in its creation as we all have a series of imperfections that limit our ability to interact with the world as Jesus Christ would and the fact that we allow others to move us to sin highlights the human races preoccupation with sin.
- But where a person chooses to accept Jesus into their heart, a mission is taken on board that God and his Kingdom in heaven requires us to look deeper into our own thoughts, words, deeds and actions so as to find the morality in everything and then save the remainder of those who still believe through our action as opposed to our inaction.
- Gods calling such as the army that surrounded Judah blasting sonic waves of thunderous trumpets or the “holographic” burning bush (it doesn’t say holographic burning bush in the bible but a dreamer dreams of time travel in physics) that communicated with Moses are prime examples along

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with further analogous images that the Devil/Satan/Beelzebub would have you believe.

- God of who’s name is varied throughout different bibles’ and stories such as the names we as humanity have been provided for himself, his sons and his prophets such as Adonai, Jehovah, Yeshua, Jesus Christ, are names for a being of such immense superiority and in need of such awesome respect that none can comprehend the mind of a God beyond time and space.
- A being that lives outside of time and space but that is able to create the same though, and is able to take on a human form is not to be feared for the result of praise and worship.
- The honour and majesty of miraculous works which at this time are being emulated through humanities behaviour and research, thus precludes the interaction with the unforeseen discovery of what is intrinsically the nature of humanity.
- One day, we each will see the same dream of peace and disarmament, of which not every heart and soul at present believes, for God is denied his

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kingdom, the life of his son is stolen and for mere existence we as humanity choose money over the lives of an entire population. Perhaps salvation is beyond us where history, culture, art and infrastructure are worth more to the ideals of marriage than the life of a single child who starves on the streets of Africa, begging for a meal in the wilderness. That child is Gods child. The child beaten and abused out-with her control, that child is gods child. The child who smokes in the holy land regardless of faith, that child is gods child and intrinsically, the “all you can eat buffet” or the eating competition, the historic rodeo or the bull run, the ancient civilisations and the riches of the same are a trophy for the death of that child, Gods child.

The word “truth” and the word “right”, the word “education” and the word “health” are just words. But when the holy spirit is envied on a person and the difference a person feels regardless of historical or racial, social and cultural background in order to support a person to give up drinking, give up

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smoking, give up drugs and simply worship to the point of starving the body of what may well be the evil in the heart of mankind (humanity) is beyond sex or race or class or demography or other outlying differentiators. If you are gay, praise god. If you are bi-sexual praise god. If you are straight praise god. If you are alone or with child praise god. If you are married or single praise god. But don't give up hope because god sent his son once for all of us to find hope and learn a lesson.

He created rainbows, as defined by Sir Isaac Newton, to remind us of the floods in which Noah and his sons Shem, Ham and Japheth were in an Arc with animals. He created Samson and Delilah, Job, David and Goliath and over the centuries, if you look around at the faces you see, you'll see them. In everything and everyone.

God abhors anything he does not agree with but loves all people who believe on him. Not fanatically, to the point that an ideal ceases to be perfections dream, a waking nightmare. But rather, God loves peace; his son was the prince of peace and his dream is the dream we each share, a day of giving

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and thankfulness in which we are all walking and carrying one another through the problems we share and caring for one another. Beating ones self up for past failures is potentially religious suffering, but in Jerusalem, Christians were sacrificed by Romans to Lions in a pit.

The philistines betrayed the Son of Man, but Jesus knew all of the things to come and he said "turn the other cheek" as in, if you believe in god, practice forgiveness. So why can't we trust ourselves for long enough to become enlightened by the soul of a God who cares with a spiritual compassion that matters. Why can't we educate ourselves about what our lives are until such times as the truth becomes a reality. Why can't we all be Gods children as previously chosen by god because over time we are or may have evolved through centuries and aeons of interstellar conglomeration of gases and clouds of electrons, amidst nebulae and sparks through to gravitational coalescence. Creating a group of planets now referred to as a Solar System until the sun of which we now know through science, is actually potentially moving

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towards a black hole at the centre of our galaxy. If we don't find out what the sun is, what our sun, the light, creator and life giver (not sun worship but lock yourself in a dark room/fridge/ underground at -275 degrees Celsius) then ask what photosynthesis is, or what radiation is, or what steam is, or what convection is, or gravitation, or microbes and parasites are or what community and togetherness are, or why space is important as the final frontier. And pray with me.

A study of perception and a question of reality as opposed to a question of unified reality and questions of perception - part 4

What are words. Words the all defining concepts that create an image, define a personality, make a person feel, cry, smile, depressed or happy. Words; their comforting and can be arousing or soul destroying. They make us happy as I'm elated beyond all extremes or morbid. They divine us as people and draw us closer to divinity. Pious in our belief and religions they make people angry and they push people to fight against the lack of morality or rights. Words, their all we have when we have nothing bar communication. Disappointment is a word akin to failure, but joy is also a word similar to heavenly choral song. The same words every day, the same wrestling with the same demons, and lack of conscious humanity in a voice that one day won't exist.

What is hope? It's the guy on the street, in the rain watching stars at night. Or the lady in the coffee shop who watches a programme hoping to afford a holiday. Or the guy in hospital hoping

his cancer won't stop him from saying "I am alive" today.

Maybe, just maybe, hope is a look in the direction of someone who isn't alone where you might be. Or it's the religious leader who still turns up at his religious place of work waiting for a religious sign in silence. Hope is the spelling and grammar of a child, or the maths of an adult who works in a supermarket. Hope in silence is another takeaway, rather than cooked noodles. Or buying a musical instrument you can't play. For me, hope is a reflection.

What is faith? It can be religious, it can be trust, it can be love. Sometimes faith is prayer. Sometimes its memories, or visiting a home. It can be a stranger or friends. Fellowship, congregation, forgiveness; these are ideals to strive towards in a world that so quickly forgets the Middle Ages. An age of horses, and empires, of cartography and discovery. Houses were built long ago and still stand today as a testament to people who no longer breathe. Monuments remember them just as we do, all of us should and whether you or anyone anywhere likes them or not, we all should remember them. Because

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without them, they pass into the annals of pictures, videos and holiday snaps and then when the pictures fade and the memory is gone, when no one remembers them, they become spoken of as legend such as for instance of myself, ha! And rulers, hero's and ideals to strive towards and remember for a reason.

Liberators, crusaders and dictators alike, beaten in the street as though their thoughtcrimes were nothing more than just that. Will you remember the good that every man and woman you have ever met said, did and thought in your direction through their acts and inaction? What is faith?

Faith is travelling to someone's home and lending them money knowing they have nothing. Maybe one day faith will return to us all, when all bar none remember the lives, loves, passions and vilified hate of other people. Faith, a seemingly untouchable dream in churches, synagogues, mosques, cathedrals and homes, streets and schools, cafes and bookstores, libraries and grassy, tree covered meadows filled with sunshine or stages of clouds or rain.

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Faith is never letting go, even when you wish you could. What is belief? Belief is being able to smile at someone who doesn't see you and still thinking, and hoping and praying. Or maybe it's the other way round, belief could be praying and hoping and thinking towards a person you can't see. Smile. It's only the end of the beginning and hopefully not the beginning of the end.

So, you think your published and making money, or you want to be? It starts with a hope and a dream - the dreamlike dreamer dreams a nightmarish garbled gnarled root only to witness the fall of an empire and smokes behind closed doors to the religious protests of irreligious death chants. What is prose? Or a poem? A manual or a novel? What do artists, writers and authors share?

When I first started writing I wanted to be the voice I heard and saw in films, in books, in music. The inspirational, the dream of better days. Now I write and reread and write and reread because I have grown accustomed to writing every book I have ever published in one take - published with or without typographical errors just to see

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whether it makes a difference to how people judge the work I write.

My father used to push me to use a word processor when I was younger, on an IBM PS/1, forgotten to the world. I used to learn MS Basic and could use MS DOS but someone recently asked me "what good all the knowledge I have is to me!". So I gave away everything I had, a vicious cycle that was repeated years ago, over and over.

Does it matter, the immaterial? What matters is you live a good life, and if you don't, then live a respectable, loving life. Without race, without hate, without anger. With regards to a new mission, I decided to start simple, as always.

First, I needed to define in my own head what time is. Then space. Learn Latin, Hebrew and possibly German. Fashion a new curriculum out of nothing so as to write a book worth reading. I have a minimal income which is only going to shrink over time as I seek the help I need to sort out my mental health. Then I need to define what a book is.

A book is a series of words, sometimes hard to read due to

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complexity or not quite so due to acquired learning. They usually have a table of references or bibliography and the pages are numbered but, why does it matter?

Because of standards achieved over time? So that when you fold the pages or put a bookmark in them you can remember where you were in the page turner? What is a title? Controversial? Hurtful? Oppressive? Happy? Loving? Honest? Thrilling and (or) exciting? What is in an authors name?

History is, was and then ceases to be for some and not all. For me history is an apology no one read, or a poem I made up, or influences and friends I don't see. But for you history might be a background or a book or a street, a smell or food. Places, trees, sunlight, hair and eyes, teeth or blood all hold a peace of history in them, even sounds and clouds.

But why is that a scary thing? Because alive or dead, alone or otherwise, we each existed to experience something that is greater than us. Childhood to childbirth, it's the hope, faith and belief that tomorrow will be a better day. That you don't have to

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do the horrible stuff lawyers see, or police investigate, or the navy and army don't hesitate to eliminate. Governments legislate, that's what they do; I somehow thought I could be like them "the rockstars of politics." But that's failed hope.

I thought I could complete a degree, I still do but reality is not the same as perception. When people are tested, it's not because they think brilliantly or hope for the best, it's because they are entrusted with the public's belief and faith. There's more to life than simply sadness and misery.

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Discourse on the Importance of Education and Healthcare

Hope is a fragile tether, it dances in the wind, refuelling as though from on high the spirits of those who wish for nothing but peace, food, shelter, light. Hope is bread daily, not tears unceasing. Hope is words I can't read, in a language I don't know. Hope is alone but never alone.

Thou shalt not kill:
A Testament of Faith or a Statement of God?

"Anarchy is a radical scepticism about structures of domination, authority and hierarchy throughout human life, from the patriarchal family to imperialism".
Noam Chomsky

Anyone can learn anything through dedication and pious devotion to sound doctrine. Throughout history scholars, scientists and theologians, academics from the Catholic saint, St Thomas Aquinas, to the physicists Isaac Newton and Stephen Hawking as well as the

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philosopher and British politician Francis Bacon through to the academic and scholarly Franz Fanon struggled ideologically for the truths of an age were wrestled with by each of them throughout their lifetimes. Thus the struggle attested to is the same truth we as human beings live with and, as a result of lack of faith, or confidence in a moral structure within society, every one of us is responsible for the death of humanity.

Illuminated or enlightened truths regardless of the age have been fuelled by the conquest of global and societal disciplines in the knowledge and safety of the glass tower of empire; a sword versus the modern version of a sword being carried by armed guard with a view to reclaiming the honesty of a moral code of faith through freedom of a visionary idea of conquest over peace.

Communication and ways of empirically examining society and the world around us is first and foremost the plank in the eye of the beholder, of which I am aware that I am not Jesus Christ but rather a believer of Christ. My belief in the Son of God and King of the Jews is the message that is printed

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in every Holy Bible as a testament and pillar of faith and worship in which ordinary Christians would simply pray and praise their God, yet I cannot worship on this day, as a few hours ago I realised something that scares me more than all the world.

Religious leaders have been denounced and condemned as a result of the wars for greed and resources in an age where communication and dialogue should by faith have led us to peace, instead it leaves us on the eve of a moral doctrine evasion in which ten Jewish leaders have been murdered in America, in which catholic priests are beheaded in temples, in which terrorists (are potentially labelled as ordinary people, citizens who through fundamental beliefs have chosen a path contrary to the ordinary teachings of theological teaching and morality) untethered their authority is not refuted in discourses time and again but rather murder is the tone of a dialogue.

Every distinction in learning is a divergence from the beliefs of new frontiers and the search for hope and dream, the idea of a modern state being the conglomeration of state and

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accumulation of centuries of fighting, centuries of enslavement and murder; centuries of struggle and battle for the name, the glory, the vision and ideals of an Emperor or Sire, King or Leige, Queen or Empress.

Psychological, philosophical, scientific and other branches of organised and educated reason and logic have been defined through Millenia of Global and National architecture within thought, word and deed developed through justice of noble lines and trains of thought through to wisdom of and through the use of language. Language being the basis of the same discussion, I wanted to pose a question to everyone; just as I have had questions posed to me on a daily if not yearly basis, outside of murder through nationalised and radicalised statements of national pride:-

“what is there to hold dear?”

What is there that any of us value as sacred out side of the perception of an altered reality in which we all are so warped by the injustice offered since the death of Christ in which the hatred of a single group of ruling elites as opposed to the love in the hearts of mankind

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have led to the actual and genuine warping of mind, body and soul such that the past and the future are no longer connected.

Every distinction in learning is leaving us all in want of something more as opposed to mediocre developments of such minute diatribes and discussions stagnated by the very beginning and end of all civilised knowledge. There is a breadth of perceptual analysis, it begins and ends with the misguided principles of a group of individuals of whom, we each day by day allow into our lives. These individuals are the very same people we each cherish and adore in society, yet knowledge of the self dictates that we should all love one another with a view to sacrificing our better nature, our lives through honour for other people. Why? Sacrifice and dedication through educated principles and morals are for the strong, so why should we allow our children, friends, family, anyone intact on a global level to fight for the sake of a war that should have ended with the advent of enlightenment? When in actual fact society carries on, continuing as though two millennia later nothing matters bar

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the many more pieces of silver and scraps of gold in temples allow the foundations of history to collapse on itself. Anarchy is where we are as at present and until we arrive out of darkness, seeking actual and unequivocal light such that the beauty and light of the prose through to drama, orchestral definitions of an aria amidst the thought of skydiving as a testament to charity.

Beyond race, beyond the lines drawn in maps, every line is a billion, a trillion lives, fought by opposing views of history on battlefields old and new to save and define a world that none of us deserved in the first place. The ugly truth is, Christ's sacrifice on a cross was for a world that didn't deserve it. I state this because, as hard as we feel life is, none of us truly know how much is actually at stake in life every day outside of our own personal interests.

We smile, smoking and drinking on expensive phones (expensive to resources for the future of society); we sprout educated principles (atheism, Buddhism, Islam and Christianity), we define age old relics (dinosaur bones and Egyptian artefacts, gold and art

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hidden by dictations or destroyed temples and ruins from ages gone by), and yet we forget the simplest of truths within each of us.

I have a mother and father. I won't want to forget them when they die (not because I don't honour them, or because I have not desperately reached out for a life that still to this day I hold dearly onto for my own children), but rather because civilisation has already fallen. We are the ancient Greeks, the Turks, the Ottomans, the Persians, the Egyptians and the Atlantans, we are the Cartels and the slave traders, we are the murders and the doctors who fight for social workers. I am a wordsmith deceived by the very words, the very truths I have wrestled with my whole lifetime and now all I have is a hollow shell, a temple and vessel waiting for god to challenge society through peaceful action, thought and prayer; not through murder and irreligious definition of anger and hatred.

The things you allow into your soul, the love you let in is the love you show to others. The hatred you espouse is the hatred you let out and the truth of the

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matter is, surely there has been enough hate after all this time?

My truth is the Allegory of the Cave, my perceptual analysis is Ad Nauseam as a principle of the modern world in which taking over everything is all that we do as a people. Through love or through fear of other people. Through love or through fear of loss. "I have nothing and have waited, begged and prayed for a cure for cancer, for aids, for Ebola and further afield for all illness" but pleading with a deity is all any of us have. Both of which were denied an entire planet yet the lie of poverty has been provided to us all as believers.

The lie of prostitution and illicit immorality, of a hell that is someone else's vision, now my own truth and there is no salvation save that with which we all create on a day to day basis. How far as a society will we have to sink before we actually stop being enraged at ourselves and each other and start trying to define ourselves through faith as opposed to through educated principles.

What's the point in faith if we don't seek salvation? What is the point in money if it doesn't help the many, but

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rather steals the soul of the rich? What is the point in war if it punishes children?

What is an ideal (conscious dream of thought)

1. God - the almighty, name above all other names; creator and saviour
2. Jesus - Son of God, king of the Jews, leader of the Christian faith and worker of miracles
3. Faith - a way of bridging the gap between trusting the word of god and believing in the word of god through actions, thoughts, words and deeds regardless of difficulty
4. Strength - ability to discern right from wrong and then maturely use wisdom to differentiate from past failures in order to help the self and others to grow with god
5. Belief - trusting in the word of god as an absolute constant
6. Mercy - the ability to help when you don't have to have compassion on those who are suffering
7. Hope - belief that things will get better
8. Love - a feeling of connectedness and emotional relationship, kinship and beyond difficulty in proving truth in the word of god through his actions but believing that god cares regardless of how low or high in esteem you view yourself or others

9. Honesty - not a lie
10. Reality - here and now
11. Caring - love through action or wisdom and sacrifice
12. Reliability - being able to depend on others and vice versa
13. Sacrifice - giving up everything for others in the name of god
14. Loss - giving up everything and not being able to regain
15. Gain - being provided with something you didn't have before
16. Wisdom - knowledge and the logical rational use of knowledge to differentiate between good and evil
17. Knowledge - accumulation of information in a given subject
18. Preparedness - being ready
19. Prayer - speaking and meditation towards a specific outcome, with a view to speaking to god
20. Life - sentience
21. Eternity - unending
22. Freedom - without restriction but within reason
23. Humility - meekness, not being arrogant or self righteous

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- 24. Kindness - selfless acts
- 25. Selflessness - beyond an individual perspective
- 26. Help - selfless acts of kindness towards anyone who is struggling
- 27. Blessing - gods gift to humanity; life
- 28. Present - gift
- 29. Peace - the opposite to chaos
- 30. Calm - peaceful serenity
- 31. Happiness - the opposite to sadness
- 32. Devotion - a lifetime of service
- 33. Responsibility - gods tireless efforts towards us as his children. Things that require great presence and courage such that people rely on you for something important
- 34. Watchfulness - being mindful of danger
- 35. Responding - communicating with god regularly
- 36. Communicating - speaking in a dialogue or monologue
- 37. Prayer - communicating with god
- 38. Meditation - prayer on a constant level

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- 39. Language - a world of peace and tolerance through common and shared ideology and a means of communication
- 40. Praise - worshiping or following gods call
- 41. Worship - devotion to a specific prayer, bible or church (beyond dogma, belief and trust in the son of god through faith)
- 42. Children - Jesus Christ as gods son
- 43. Laughter - joy
- 44. Joy - elated enjoyment
- 45. Fellowship - worshipping with others
- 46. Reading - understanding communication through written works
- 47. Commitment - everyday with Jesus
- 48. Baptism - a public show of faith
- 49. Clouds - heavens doorway
- 50. Light - enlightenment through eradication of doubt
- 51. Path - the route to enlightenment as a result of discipleship
- 52. Darkness - a lack of enlightenment through lack of understanding, belief, faith or wisdom

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53. Words - a way of communicating with God
54. Tomorrow - sunrise and sunset in the future
55. Yesterday - sunrise and sunset previous
56. Today - the present, gift of god
57. Time - a way of defining how long to the future glory of god
58. Man - male
59. Woman - female
60. Child - infant
61. Family - man/woman/child together
62. Moral - good way to interact with others
63. Home - a place to stay 64. Work - a thing that develops perseverance and allows people to save one another
65. Hardest - belief when you are alone
66. Outlook - staying faithful no matter what
67. Constancy - not giving up
68. Everywhere - god 69. Creation - the beginning of life
70. Revelation - final book in the bible
71. Might - strength over time
72. Angel - gods messengers

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73. Job - tested by god
74. Psalm - poems and prayers
75. Kingdom - heavenly and earthly realms ruled by leaders
76. Wisdom - god and upright choices over hasty decisions
77. Honour - bestowed on positively good people
78. Bravery - strength or fortitude in the face of difficult circumstances
79. Valour - honour and bravery
80. Perfection - Jesus Christ
81. Emulation - copying others
82. Salvation - being saved
83. Grace - - * * * * * + + + + +
84. Remembrance - the act of remembering
85. Atonement - making up for sins
86. Appeasement - pleasing a crowd
87. Enthusiasm - I. Joy and pleasure
II. Doing something with vigour and happiness

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- 88.Confidence- *****
89.Guarded - I. barriers built up over time
90.Sacrifice - giving up everything for other people
91. Walking - moving gently
92.Marching -moving briskly
93.Glory - sight of an angel or god
94.Heaven - the home of gods kingdom
95. Symbolism - a way of defining something through something else. The cross symbolises the faith of Christians who believe Christ died and rose again after three days. The practice of giving gifts or worshipping god at Christmas to remind us of Christ's birth, giving up negative behaviour for lent
96.Metaphor - a way of describing something through an analogy such as a parable
97. Direction - giving people a way forwards through faith and belief in god
98.Music - gods song
99.Fearless - being brave in the face of something terrifying
100.Redemption - gods way of showing he loves humanity regardless of our imperfections

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- 101.Sorrowful - Christ sacrifice was sorrowful because he was doing the will of god and was killed by gods creation.
102.Judgement - daily and eventually eternal differentiation between carrying a religious sentiment and then doing well in the eyes of the almighty and doing otherwise based on lack of religious sentiment
103.Law - moral code
104.Witness - declaring sight of the Holy Spirit
105.Forgiveness - a prayer for god to come back
106.Sight - being able to see miracles
107.Flight - angels and spirits leveraging beyond supernatural
108.Running - moving quickly
109.Breathing - allowing air in the passages
110.Healing - what everyone prays for when they are hurt
111.Eating - the act of consuming food
112.Sharing - the act of giving something or everything
113.Acceptance - believing the word of god
114.Home - 2

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- 115. Testimony - how I became a Christian
- 116. Visiting - what you do when you leave home to see a place and (or people)
- 117. Discipleship - following Jesus daily
- 118. Miracle - an act of god
- 119. Leadership - directing the course of other people's actions
- 120. Rebuilding - building after destruction
- 121. School - a place of education such as a church
- 122. Teacher - Jesus
- 123. Church - Bellevue
- 124. Baptism - public show of faith (2)
- 125. Public- people en mass
- 126. Health - wellbeing
- 127. Shield - protection
- 128. Togetherness - being with other people
- 129. Solitude - being alone
- 130. Comfort - * * * *
- 131. Caring - looking after others
- 132. Protection-(2)
- 133. Trust - belief that someone or something has your best interest at heart
- 134. Signal - * * * * *

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- 135. Resistance - fighting against something
- 136. Promise - a pact between man and god
- 137. Compassion - caring for someone greatly
- 138. Soul - the only thing worth saving in every life, is not one but every soul. One day, that might happen. That's genuinely why people pray. For salvation. From evil acts or beliefs. From negative words, deeds and thoughts. From lack of necessity for life. From a repetitive cycle of loss of life. From a job that sucks. Or a life and situation that has little or no meaning. From worthlessness and isolation. Hope is all that exists when there is no hope.

**Treatise on the Gradation
of Institutional Life and
Reliance on Early
Environment (PESTLE
factors) for Self-
Determination and
Individual
Motivation(s)**

Political
Economic
Social
Technological
Legislative
Environmental (factors)

Sometimes Sane

What is it like being a young African-Scot? Well, I'm brown; a shade of brown. Sometimes, I look back. To the bridge, the pills, the hills, the cars and all the rest. I thought I was so mature, writing poetry in a homeless unit, or rewriting make poverty history as a movement that apparently all the people I once knew didn't realise this had happened. Because they were working, studying, playing, watching or consuming.

I didn't know anything until the day and it changed me. The first time I'd heard someone who wasn't an elder or a member of a house group or my family pray - I was shocked somehow as though I'd never heard a prayer. Depressed and sad all the time. I'd lost almost everything I thought was important; but I valued the wrong things and people. I pray a lot. I read the bible now and again but more regularly than not. My friends have called me names; or mocked me in jest for anything from my sexuality, to personal hygiene standards, education, background, sexual health, kids, religion, everything

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including race and the death of my parents.

Was I born a disappointment, without a soul? But I survived my 35th birthday with my family. My family were supporting me. Sometimes, I think alone; then I think "am I always alone like them?". Even when surrounded? Because I'm different? Everyone struggles but who wishes so much death on themselves? Does that make me a coward? Probably.

If I had died, suicidal tendencies in mind; before my kids were born, before my mum got ill, before university and lack of jobs or loans and books; if I had died in early youth, before all the things that make me hate my own life, would my family understand and pray me near god or for my soul to be safe? I assume the answer is probably.

I run and hide, like my sons and my mother before me. I hide behind the barriers, the tears, the words. I pretend other people's strength is my own but it's not. I put people on a pedestal but I can't see myself that way, stuck on the ground. Chained with wings, or just one wing. Where I see others flying with

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armour; I fall constantly until lava and sulphur becomes me. Then I resume. Smoking, drugs and drink are unnecessary evils we all know are bad. **Strength** is being able to see the wrong and choosing not to embrace it. Strong is learning and teaching from positive experience. Strong is possibly education but at what cost does strong come with. Price and opportunity cost. Alone, it's easier than the constant dancing, or working out or reading to impress others with knowledge.

Dictators subjugate and tyrannise along with dictating their views on their complacent, subjects, who eventually believe the message. The kill (prose) and then justify the killing as fair and legal. They are allowed to rule or forced to so as to save others from being vilified like them. But the downfall, no one likes them; they hate everyone bar themselves or themselves bar everyone.

In my own way I rule my own life like a dictator, a duck in water who flies and walks and quacks a language only other ducks understand. But, it's a world in which this duck fell from grace as in feels like he only has me; but I have a family and friends whom I

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appreciate. Do waterways and rivers, lakes and ponds alone, struggling, with life as a whole alone, which is ironic!

Hatred of solitude but can't stand being surrounded for the judgement or hospitality or kindness or compassion. I prefer silence where there is none. I became addicted to other people's choices and followed gladly as though that was my own mind. Drugs, drink, sex, drugs, religion, drink, binging in porn or working, drugs, house party - meet new people. There was of course the drama, acting, poetry and prose that no one read or bought.

It wasn't about selling anything or an income, it was about being alone and oppressed. It was about trying to break the oppression alone, to cope like I saw other people coping. But the addiction. Since then, I've learnt - this week, today, to appreciate just the greyness of the sky. The emptiness during the day but the freedom of birds in the morning. So that's something I guess. I tried when I was younger to get into prison. Sounds funny right? To escape the daily thoughts.

I read the bible, prayed, went to church and tried to phone my ex (the

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cake girl who had my kids). In the end, if I had respected her, she wouldn't have had my kids alone, raised them alone, and watched me fail with my kids.

In reality my mindset is such that the educated introduce people to lack of rights instead of justice. The strong attack or work out or protect others. The weak, walk about sucking each other off for favours or love or out of a fearful indeterminate determinism. The thoughts are different, the air is different, the view on high is of clouds and streets and birds and hills in the distance. Freedom, close enough to touch, to taste but just far enough out of reach to allow you to listen Tommy poor performance on X-factor; talent singing whilst dreaming of a home that was never mine.

Freedom was a gift quickly forgotten, taken for granted. I'd given up a conditional offer of university before jail; after jail I yearned for education. A Legal Bachelors Degree in English Law which has changed to Physics as my focus, I wanted to change my life, my kids lives; earn enough to pay their mum back, and earn my family's respect which would be earned

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through tirelessly working towards that goal.

Once I helped someone who had crashed their car minutes from my house. It wasn't much, they were phased but unhurt, and all I did was call the emergency services (or) an ambulance as their car was literally upside down next to a roundabout. When I got home with my friend at the time, all I could do was drink. Funny the things you forget. Good, bad, indifferent. I thought the route of my solo effort to solitude was finding a girlfriend, a wife, a partner; wrong. I thought travelling to Israel was a great idea; mistaken. I thought working in Portsmouth was cool until I sold my iPhone to get bus fares back to Edinburgh. Irony, I quit a job and couldn't afford bus fares after lending money to everyone I worked with. I had to sleep on the streets waiting for a bus home, only to find one of my friends had gone mental. Heroin affecting his mental health.

At first I tried distancing myself from him. Then got angry, with everyone involved, to the point where I shouted so angrily on the street for help that I pushed myself away from

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everything and everyone I had thought important. In the end I got solitude; he died soon after and I haven't recovered. I didn't go to his funeral. I hate weddings, I hate funerals. I missed out on anything and everything good, including birth of my kids.

Spiritual strength and wisdom dictate a life lived well will lead to eternal life, sort of like a test. You get through probation, and God says "enjoy eternity, here's the keys to your angelic voice". I can't relate to eternity, bad at maths despite my love for physics; but eternity alone in silence, I could do that. Away from everything and everyone. Thus, the war for that. A potential definition of heaven. A beach, with light and sand but no people is empty. But a beach filled with people is messy, loud, bustling. It's lonely either way.

I didn't learn to be a Christian by giving away goods I couldn't afford. By letting people live in my rented property or feeding the homeless. I didn't learn to be a Christian by sending email after email to governments and organisations about the same topic over and over again until I grew lost distant and the point of a simple two word

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sentence became futile (the two words are Global and Disarmament). I didn't grow to be a Christian by trying to be like church leaders, feeding the homeless or having friends with unsavoury lifestyles in order to one day use their lives to pray for change. I didn't become a Christian by giving away all that I had to human beings I didn't know for selfish reasons.

Empty shelves, food I don't really want, but need; clothes with holes in them, charity goods and a list of wants. That's all I have; more than some of which I am grateful for if not all. I don't have anything new in my flat bar foodstuffs or cleaning products. God in his infinite wisdom and grace taught me value; of love and being loved back. I don't have that but it's got to be out there. He taught me the value of shopping on a budget. It's a righteously tight purse string when you constantly can't make decisions but it's a tighter purse string when the wastage is at the cost of someone else's humanity. He taught me the value of humility and discipline, pride is a lie, an undisclosed evil that corrupts the mind and forces individuals to lose sight of their actual

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worth. Pride is selfish and it has led me to find only one person. Pride equally is stubborn and unchanging.

Once I heard the judgement of my phone (strangers talking about a low tech phone in my hands behind my back), it might not have been the case, but it felt real. Is the plastic, metal and glass of Moore's Law so important? Like the pharaohs tomb, I'll pray I have at the least a phone incase I wake up, trapped in a coffin. Though, humanity has developed to the point where I'm pretty sure we know when someone is dead and when they are just down on themselves and as such their view of others assumes the sameness of unhappiness.

Hope, is a fragile, tempered glass. It is widely available to any and every person, creature, flora and fauna. It is not dynamic or flexible, because hope extends through a region without discrimination. It's a feeling, but it's transparent because for all the hope in the world, the sins a person allows in their life won't save the devil or demon in them.

I came up with a random thought; this is random and to some it is

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dangerous but it is something to pray for but also one of the scariest thoughts from my childhood unshared (until now). "If I try to save the devil whether it's the devil in me or others, perhaps god would live and reign in me due to the devil being a fallen angel (as opposed to praying to the devil we should glorify God and godliness). Because his creation (the angel that the devil once was) would return to heaven like the prodigal son. The souls that are trapped in hell would be saved as his reign in hell would end?

The war, Armageddon would be averted. We could all pray, for peace, for love, for hope. The thought of course, being a scary, dark and sinful thought became:-

"what if Jesus, through his sacrifice thought the same thing, hence he died, went to hell and now is alive (post rising again to heaven, hence his trial in the desert and throughout his life, like Job) due to the gift he bestowed on us all on earth in and through faith."

The thought is not of the bible but humanity, are we still from the tree of good and evil; if it still exists. The hope

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is in Christ who was perfect and without sin. So I pray for salvation of every soul that is, and has and will ever exist. Because salvation is free, not because it cost the Earth a saviour.

I once thought I felt the healing spirit of god touch me, perhaps I am close to god, perhaps not. Perhaps society is crazy and plagued by evil and the evil in us all, or perhaps the cross is all that humanity ever needed. Crucifixion being a painfully slow and lonely, hate filled way to die as opposed to a loving and caring way to live, through faith and forgiveness. As barbaric and bellicose the charge of soldiers in reality on today's Earth are, they all believe in something, they fight for something and their hope is that they don't have to die forever plagued by the deaths of others. Unless of course, killing is good (over reliance on media in which case, murder is good, in which case the bible is wrong) in which case I pray to god for peace for all the wrong reasons (sarcasm and humour, sometimes a joke is beyond a joke when it is spelled out; if misunderstood it ceases to be funny or a joke).

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But I believe the bible is good,
murder is wrong therefore killing on
any level is an evil unto itself.
Forgiveness is the first step to peace.
I'm sorry to anyone and everyone, for
loss, for anger and hate, lust theft,
neglect, intolerance and immorality of
which I did not learn from being a
follower of Christ, and Christianity. It
was the sun I allowed in my life and the
sun I still battle with.

What is it like being an African-
Scottish male or female? Well, I'm
brown; a shade of brown. Sometimes, I
look back. Before the friends I had
referred to me as the "whitest black
friend" they had, or before my kids as a
game tried to hang themselves because
they "read it in a book that black people
used to be hung"; before I became
naturalised as British, before I heard
the word that some people assume we
should refer to ourselves as; not Negro,
but the other word, "no.. the other one!"

Before my family assumed I had
become **lost**, taken away by unseen
friends and forces, I was a baby in a land
far far away surrounded by people who
were the same but different. Who had
bonfires and went for long drives. They

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swam, they drank and ate and huddled
en mass around televisions to watch the
Hoff being hassled, and everyone knows
"you don't hassle the Hoff".

I left the far off to meet my father
who was a doctor, a surgeon, of which he
studied at Surgeons College in
Edinburgh. We travelled a lot and my
mum, a nurse was always working like
my father. My earliest memory is of my
first day in primary school was tearful
from beginning to end, I dropped a
teddy in a puddle and remember crying
as my mother rushed us to school only
to leave me there.

The older I got, the more I hated my
self for no reason, repressed memories
and apparent loss of my family one
member at a time led to escapism and
torture, self-loathing and betrayal.
Which of course is the lack of a happy
memory. There was a time when my
father and mother took us as a family to
castles, old ruined buildings that were
impressive, stunning in fact. We saw
decommissioned warships and drove
from one location to another, for his
work.

When I made friends in high school,
I'd gotten used to being alone. Separated

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from my family, but still able to be around them without saying a word. When I got to university, the best day of solitude in my life; I sat on a rusty old tractor watching a lightning storm turn towards me from a few miles out whilst learning early black hole theory, became a distant memory of culture shock. I cried as my mum pulled away from the campus, realising that solitude and loneliness are two very different ideas.

The summer after first year, I returned to a small Scottish village, Galashiels, in order to resit a couple of exams. That was how a seventeen year old learnt how to study; like everyone on that campus, I changed from a geeky teenager to a sorry sheep following two or three dedicated wolves towards the only goal I have attempted to care about, academic success, the freedom I still crave today but will likely never achieve without true support from family and friends and faith in myself. Who knew, a few years later I would gain a few tattoos, a few children, a knowledge of agnosia and an admiration of Einstein's theory. But that is where I failed to learn. My mistake took me to

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new highs and lows, my value judgements or lack of employment or employability began a downward spiral. But despite the prisons we create in our heads, freedom is the light, the truth, the words and deeds we seek and share daily.

Don't forget Sunday

Sunday school is a class of education, some believe and continue the class with their own lives and allow god to work in their kids. Some don't, there really is no right or wrong because it's a choice. I remember being baptised in a church, not my childhood congregation but it could have been. Everyone two weeks prior to baptism was singing in an accapella choral song, it was honestly beautiful. I wanted to be a believer so I could be part of that sound.

I'd forgotten my upbringing in the church, all there was, was a sound. I remained after church, and asked the pastor to be baptised; he asked if I believed in the Lord Jesus Christ and accepted him as my Lord and Saviour. I didn't realise then, but it was important; not a trivial matter to jumpstart my relationship with family or friends or a hope that academia was going to leave me happy. I gained a bible the day I was baptised, my Aunt and Mum watched with an audience of strangers welcoming me into the faith. I gave my bible on return to Edinburgh to a man

who was begging on the street; I'd learn to wish I knew my baptismal quote, written on my bible.

The same day, I walked towards the pastors house where the congregation had been invited for a meal. At that point, I wasn't mature enough or ready to accept gods calling. I'd spend years walking through streets looking for help and pretty much begging people for cigarettes, for disarmament, for a house, for a friend, for hope. I avoided reality, I avoided a mental health problem, I ran from church, race, religion, family, friends, the past, anything and everything.

I'd even pray for everyone and anyone bar myself. I couldn't face my church, somehow it felt like I'd betrayed them; they didn't realise I had found a mission and lost my mind at one and the same time. The only thing that stopped me from making a positive difference in the lives of millions, billions even was that very fragile mindset and the mission. I thought god would periodically speak to me, before I knew it, I had lost everything. I'd listened to mentality and I'd followed community; societies problems became my burden.

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July 7th, the year after the tube bombing was a strange time in London. I sat for a whole day on a tube line the next year. I didn't surface at all, didn't even ask for the time; too busy taking in the sites from White City where BBC headquarters used to be, to Paddington Green. The rest of the journey was underground, dark and hot. The smell of burning petrol in the air as doors would open, people would board and disembark. Every stop brought a new prayer in a different form until all there was, was the sound of the underground on metallic tracks that could be heard turning this way and that. There were a few stations I prayed without leaving the station, for an end to the wars, for an end to terrorism, for peace and tolerance but when the tube was under Westminster, I would never have known. Too busy praying to notice my subterranean existence for all of a day.

An entire journey to another city to pray for peace underground. Years later I saw the words "Try praying" on a bus in Edinburgh. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, so I prayed instead. September 10th 2005, an error in judgement in which I assumed I'd make

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it to New York to pray the next day led to my being barred from America for five years due to lack of a visa. I'd recently had surgery for benign cancer, my mother had supported me despite her need for support. I wanted to get her a present; to travel to the ends of the Earth to bring riches of a sort for the bible says learn to give good gifts. Thus, a long journey to Glasgow, a flight to Newark, New Jersey and then a conversation with an immigrations officer led to my present being a phone call from Glasgow airport for help. My mental health though was a test not just to patience, or tolerance, not even faith or belief; but what that moral was I am still trying to find out because the unconditional love I received from my mum was on looking back a lot more painful than I can remember it being at the time.

A disgrace, alone, broken, suicidal and mentally a wreck I still ran from pillar to post hoping someone would listen. I had doctors, psychiatrists, nurses for community, hospital and in home treatment, Podiatrists, General Practitioners and healthcare professionals, social workers and

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lecturers, politicians, councillors and the list goes on all trying to help me and eventually my kids. All the while all I cared about was a mission, as though God elected me to do something that to date has not really been all that successful.

People listened and it stopped being white or black, rich or poor. It was not about religion or how well I could live life. It wasn't about who wanted something or how many songs I listened to or who I idolised in films. It was just about drink, drugs and nothing but good times considering after all that had happened, escaping mental ill health would be easy if I had access to beer, but that is a fallacy. Which, with friends and enemies in the line, was easy to acquire as soon as the doors opened to licensed establishments.

I keep praying that god will help us all, save us all. But I never really tried just being teetotal, cigarette free, drug free because that meant the reality of life would collapse on me causing two weeks of birthday blues culminating in the return of suicidal days and nights. If someone had said, life comes with a manual; it's called the **bible**, I'd have

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been constantly looking for the page turning answer. But instead, I followed everyone; becoming subservient to the will of a beat, the basey nightclub troll being the theme rather than the prayer. I gave up hope long before that point. The day I found out my son was in hospital was sunny. The day he nearly died was sunny. The day he learnt to ride a bicycle was again sunny. They say the sun shines on a place called Leith, but I would say, it shines on a place called childhood.

I'm still trying to change, to grow up and regain what I've lost; I'm still air-headed and lacking direction, faith and belief whether you have fellowship or not in the modern age is a struggle and very difficult, but I pray a lot, sometimes in real life and other times in my writing. Not for money, or for health or for good things in life. Not even for a house or clothes or love. I pray neither of my kids fall two stories, as though they are alone and uncared for. I pray that strangers and bullies can just let them be; the oppression I felt as a child or the embarrassment due to intelligence, family or just life

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circumstances are slowly becoming
their Newfoundland.

Walking with Majesty
Themes and cutting shapes

Earlier, I asked what it's like to be black. The answer, in my life anyway is simple. It's cold, empty, dark and filled with hate. In some, not every waking memory, an equal and opposite nightmare is there. From the games I played on computers to the games people assumed I played with life. It's easy to blame others and talking helps, but when it stops being funny and people start dieing; the depressive nature of following and lack of self is a problem for not one but every person. I once read somewhere, a magazine, that it takes an entire community to raise one child. I have two and the 7,000,000,000 people on the planet are basically busy a lot of the time with their own prayers and objectives which in light of the whole problematic nature of humanity and it's inquisitive children demands a rethink in my own and other people's lives.

I wish I was a better father, I cry sometimes (a lot) and wish I had my mothers strength. But herein lies the truth, race, like class, money, ideals, dreams, life, hope etc. they are all

human concepts to define something, whether man made or deity bestowed upon humanity. The youth squander the only resource they have, the only thing they get judged on by the Lord, the only thing they pray for when they don't have it any more. **Time** is the issue, life is based on clocks. Society wakes up, if it sleeps and travels to the rhythm of a clock; it dances and works to a clock, we eat food to a clock, sleep and dream as one to a clock.

Whether it's the religious millennia we wish to watch on tv, or the music we consume, the faith we exhibit or the lives we lead; the clock ticks in the background which in turn reminds the clocks god made within us that time is still a thing. Silence and peace are not always in tune with one another and the darkness showcased by the beheading of civilians and priests or the hanging and beating of politicians (Sadaam Husein was hung on Christmas Day); the murder of innocent people and guilty alike will one day be remembered by none but time.

Yet through it all, the silence is broken by heartbeats, by cars and trucks, planes and trains all going the

distance towards a destination. That destination, like faith is the important part. How you get there is not the conclusion but the journey; to faith, belief rather than religion.

I used to think that it would be better to say "I hope I can become a Christian, one day I will be" or to scoff and silently say, "Christianity is for kids". But that is the journey, the battlefield in which we struggle to find god in everything from the built environment and windows to art and culture rather than to live in sinful silence praying where nothing or no one answers.

The truth is, I'm not qualified to tell people how to overcome trauma or find faith, to forgive ourselves or fight injustice and evil. I can only define a struggle, a cross of which I carry everywhere, all the time for forgiveness for a life lived apart from God, the almighty, the creator of my soul, heart and mind. We are born equals and like equals we each of us die. But unlike equals, the struggle we face on a day to day basis is the prayer in silence or aloud.

Whether it's a village, city or town; whether it's an urban, marine or

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solitary outback in the countryside of a boundary, there is a light. The light is what brings us all out of the darkness, from day to night and back again. Against the odds, the struggle is not just a knowledge of dogma, or wallowing in self pity for past misdeeds. The struggle is the breath of life, it's the spark of light that illuminates, it's the fresh air and atmosphere we seek.

It's not a question of race because ultimately, when your times up, your not going to scream "I'm white, black or somewhere in between." Your hopefully going to turn to god and say, "thanks for spending your life walking with me!". Because the struggle in being alone, is not how you cope with the loneliness but rather how you cope when people see your struggle. Some will laugh, some will compare their lives to people they idolise, their forebears. But the judgement is not of forebears or society as a whole. It is a queue, a line in a factory asking the question, "what is your name?", "what do you believe?", "why do you believe what you believe?", "did you repent and how did you save lives in the name of your God?". It's not just the truest and most good done in a

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persons lifetime. Neither is it your lifestyle or what you accumulate or where you live. It's the ugliness inside that god see's, the sorrow and the fear. It's the honour as well as the valour. But the gift of god is his love.

The love you let in...
Today, the world is at war with sickness, drugs and drink, extremism and terrorism, monetary systems and democratic privilege. Has it changed? Have we as a species changed beyond mere words and memory? Distance yourself for a moment, from your phone, tablet, computer, radio and tv.

Basically anything that is able to receive a signal and then listen to what is around you for five minutes.

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What I heard, was children's voices, cars, birds, trees and wind. I saw lights, houses, roads, sunset and a crescent moon. Though I was standing on my own, I know I wasn't alone. But how can I tell I'm not alone? It's trust, faith and belief in a higher power. Fame and fortune have been the order of idealised gain through wealth systems. Some would say they are more important than anything else. God offered us, me a simple ultimatum. Have life eternal and the love of others through sacrifice and faithfulness or give up nothing and wait for selfishness and desire for earthly things.

Wisdom, is wealth beyond all known wealth and it exists in the kingdom beyond. It's not gold or diamonds. It's eternal life, and it is not mine or yours to take, it is gods gift. Just a thought, why is wisdom more important now than in the past? Answer, it's not. Wisdom now, in the past or in the future is the difference between a thought and logical decisions. It's the difference between faith and hopelessness. In the psalms King Solomon was asked to decide who's child a newborn baby belonged to. The answer was an

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example of how to put your trust and faith in others regardless of whether you have true love for God or whether you have your doubts. But who is in charge, me, you or God (as I used to ask my children)?

I'm with God, but there was a point in my life where I tried to learn Hebrew. I failed thus far and have realised, the books and faiths of the world, educated principles or not are just that. An ignorant or biased viewpoint is just that. God didn't keep shouting out don't be racist. Instead, he took one ethnic group and freed them from bondage, he gave them laws and told them to protect their borders. He watched them grow and multiply and attempted to save rather than destroy. The Creator, after his son died and rose again watched as humanity time and again repeated a message from churches as the early church began to grow. The message was simple. "Love thy neighbour as thy self."

Being black is not about a colour, or a song or rhythm. It's not about other races and creeds looking into individual personal preference. It's not about history or culture or borderless nationality. Because it is a tone of skin. I

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have a nationality. But my neighbours could be Asian, or Polynesian, French or Algerian, British or Korean. The question is not one of skin tone as God doesn't say love only one ethnic minority or only those who have my name in their mouths. Does it matter that I haven't lived through any riots or that I don't have fear of radicalised speech? Does it matter that mortar fire and gun fire terrify me? Does it matter that I have water in a tap where someone else has to walk miles to gather essentials.

What does it mean to me to belong to something that is far greater than myself? When the independence movement happened and collapsed in Scotland, something I could not remember yesterday but likely won't forget tomorrow made me vote no. Despite voting the SNP into power, I didn't do it for nationalist sentiments as many will likely have done.

In Germany, around about 1939, the outbreak of war began a brutal and bloody conflict that left Refugees dependant on a new organisation called the United Nations. The fear we each of us day by day live with is not of God but

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man made. Looking desperately for a sign from an almighty deity? Look into the eyes of a Jewish holocaust victim. Then, ask the Lord and the world to forgive the modern generation not just Germany of 1945 (which doesn't exist as it did and had to pay reparations to the world for the creation of an ideological thoughtcrime that amounts to terrorism of a nation state).

The Scotland I grew up in, when I first arrived in Kirkcaldy was different after 1999. It was at first energised and free. Then it was angry and desperate. Now it is cash strapped and resentful. Independent Scotland did not save Romania from being bombed into absolution or Northern Rhodesia from being mined out of resources. It did not create Turkish freedoms or free the victims of war from Prisoner of War Camps.

The Scotland I have grown old in did not cause the breakdown of society, neither did it end climate change. It did not end poverty, neither did it institutionalise poverty. The Scotland I grew up in taught me love, faith, hope and charity. It taught me forgiveness and forgave me despite disciplining me

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with an iron fist. It gave me an accent, an identity, friends internationally and a yearning to be a role model. But more than that, it taught me something about race.

Hip hop used to be a passion of mine, but the music was not what I listened to. The stories of real people from all walks of life showing faith and describing difficulty during youth was always what I listened to, whether it was Jay-z and Snoop Dogg describing demons, or Nas describing global fiscal budgets for peace, or Will Smith defining the differences between himself in Miami and his celebrity personality, to Eminem's struggles as an artist trying to overcome racism in a racist state whilst fighting racism in a racist industry. Each artist showed faith in a different way and all of them prayed "God, don't let me die like Tupac and Notorious B.I.G, or Easy E". Yet I was privileged enough to grow up in Scotland's capital.

Three things you should know about Edinburgh; the Queen has a residence a mile from a castle built on a rock as the centrepiece of a whole city. The second thing is everyone is usually welcome to

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walk anywhere, regardless of background or history, because Scotland is a welcoming nation. The third fact is, Scottish people, educated or otherwise all have a love for humanity. The words "I'm not a racist but.." are jokes to all but the most sensitive. Slavery is taken quite seriously in every sector. Money has Her majesty Queen Elizabeth II's face on it regardless of what bank you bank with. We, the Scottish people wouldn't have a parliament, and I include myself in that because I pay taxes and have visited the Scottish Parliament more than once, were it not for the monarchy in 1999. So a no vote for independence was important because, it was democracy and faith, trust and leadership through honesty. It was symbolic and historic. The electric energy when the country stayed a part of the U.K whilst English members of the public screamed "kick them out.." on tv and radio, or the struggle to get communities and schools funded whilst keeping a Parliament running were no joke.

I was educated to a university level. It doesn't matter, I'll owe the

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government, i.e. the public a lot of money for a long time. I was homeless and now have social housing. My kids go to primary school and are ten years old now, both healthy and not deficient in anything bar vegetables, which no child likes. When my son fell out of a window, my whole church prayed for them. Because they used to shout out to my embarrassment during church services.

God, faith, history and Christianity. Scotland hasn't won a World Cup. Scotland hasn't given up smoking, drinking or drugs. Scotland has vice and there is a lot of negativity within impoverished areas. There is elitism, and cultural snobbery. But Scotland, as one nation has charity shops. They have churches, and are still learning like me to walk. But their pretty good at working together, and racism is being phased out by the government. In modern life, it's easy to become over reliant on others. Just because I felt alone, I always had a library or art gallery or cafe in which a welcome face or two would allow me to walk or sit or talk to someone. People are nice and anterior motives exist, even for me as I try to write.

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But the truth is, I learnt a lot about God and the early church in Scotland, as history is important. Without God, politics would simply be a repetition of 1914, or 1939. Therefore, my point is; forgiveness starts internally and then becomes an outward expression of self. Now, if everyone remembered Dunblane every day, or walked up to the Justice Minister and prayed for an end to military service world wide, or if everyone wrote to the Governments of the world in faith and prayed for peace, we each might start solving the problems of our time. The Salvation Army was set up by an army official to fight poverty in the early 20th century and through faith still operates today, feeding the homeless, clothing them, providing substance counselling and helping them get on their feet. It doesn't matter what your race is, the doors to faith, the keys to belief and the window to hope are always available to anyone who has enough courage to ask.

Moving on

What is a role model? Someone to be admired or revered? Someone who is remembered in history? The rich?

Sportsperson of the year or you? I'm with Jesus the son of God, referred to as Son of Man and King of the Jews. Now, what does that mean? Take five minutes to reflect if you wouldn't mind, or read on.

A role model is a person who doesn't necessarily mean much to anyone or who doesn't necessarily say anything to many people but who has a direct influence on at least one life, and who has a positive impact on people around them. Celebrities, nobility, royalty are obvious role models but you could spend a lifetime trying and never be the same. Politicians lecturers, teachers, musicians all work hard at fashioning people's minds. But as time moves swiftly on, only one person sticks in mind at present and I don't know her

name, but I know what she stood for. She was a nun, and she really did believe in the kids she helped. Her convent was next door to my former high school and as with most nuns, the assumption is she was Catholic. I'm not Catholic but I did go to a Catholic high school where I met David Blunkett M.P. courtesy of my head teacher at the time; both of whom are excellent role models.

Ultimately, charity shop workers, M.SP's or any number of people in the street are good role models.

Jesus was a role model because he exemplified a few characteristics that are great traits for individuals and Christians to emulate. He was kind and caring, he saw the value in people and didn't discriminate, even Paul, a Roman was welcomed into discipleship. He taught important lessons without pushing people beyond what they could achieve, hope and believe. Jesus also walked amongst the people he tried to save rather than lecturing them, he practiced what he preached and he was proactive. He respected Gods laws and rebuked people in a temple for basically being solely about money. And ultimately, he accepted his situation

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with grace and honour, even when being tempted by the devil in the wilderness and crucified on the cross.

Equally, Jesus Christ didn't argue or fight violently with anyone save for in defence of Gods will, he protected the people he needed to through his arrest, sacrifice and torture before crucifixion. But ultimately, when he rose again, he returned to the people he loved and showed them a reward for their faithfulness. His gift was his life, a service to all who learnt to seek him out. I am nothing like Jesus but I'd like to be, and one day I might be proud to call myself a Christian. But, how do I become a follower of Christ? Is it the church I have fellowship in? The people I spend time with or maybe the thoughts words and daily deeds I allow myself to exhibit both in public and in private. But nonetheless, what is a role model and Christian? Are they the same thing?

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Treatise on the Reliance on Consumption and Economic Ownership of the Importance of Individuality (in prose)

The Classified files of Agent X

"Everything that is Everything is
Everything"

Times Shadow

Temporal Index:

242,598,000 B.C, October 1st, 02:01:23

Location: Laneika Galactic Sector, Milky
Way, Sol, Mars

Status: Hydroponics - OFFLINE,
Guidance System - AUTOMATIC,
Command Verification - Vocal And
Biometrics AUTHORISED.

Abigail

"Hello Cable!" the female voice began casually despite the importance of the work she was about to begin. It had been twelve hours since Hugh, her husband, had been able to touch her, to kiss her or even speak with the quaint English accent of his. She hadn't seen what he had become as of late but of course, being Scottish Abigail was as enthusiastic about learning the secrets of the cosmos, space and time being bywords for something far greater in her own mind. Yet she still knew that the good Dr Lord would grace her with his presence at some point in the future. They both had a limited amount of time to save the world due to the infestation of Planet Earth in the Babel Galactic Arm of Laneika, but she couldn't help but wonder whether either of them would meet as preplanned in the Milky Way Galaxy.

"Good Morning Abigail!" Cable replied. The neural map of both Hugh and Abigail's brains was holographically represented on a floating chart in mid air.

"Cable, is that a real time Flashpoint of my vitals?" she was referring at this point to her health chart. "Yes, it is Abigail." Cable replied.

"Ok!" she exclaimed, and just as quickly as the thought popped into her mind, she allowed herself to say;

"Does.. Hugh know about this Flashpoint?" the ailing Aeronautical and Astrophysics professor began as she realised that the antigen hadn't worked, the Ær were taking over and erasing the Human Genome from the multiverse's timeline. "Replace image with 2781 imprint." that was the date it had begun to grow dangerously grave for Earth's Global populous, meaning she wanted Cable to hide the fact that she was growing ill. It would only be a matter of time before she became one with the Flood as with Hugh. The decompression of air from the Static Resuscitation Chamber, which had been sent from the year 2901 by their future selves to her current location on the ground made her wheeze. Abigail's chest hurt; by the timeline she had recovered from the outburst of coughing, the confirmation she had been seeking was

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there as she looked at her hand, the blood reminded her of her mortality. "I've taken the pleasure of.." Cable began but was curtly cut short by her protestation to his pending request for immediate medical treatment. "Can you provide me with a relative temporal index and status report!" Abigail commanded.

16:49 - November 8th, 1946

New York

Charlotte Grayson believed she had seen an apparition but couldn't find any evidence that it had been there despite knowing that it was genuinely there. It had existed in the same form for near on centuries yet, just why it had chosen today to reveal itself was beyond her. "Your going to today!" A hushed group of staggered voices began as a choral anthem in unison. It was in this moment that she began to question reality, the war was over, she had survived and things would be alright. It had been announced approximately a year ago that a new organisation was being set up. It would be called the United Nations

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Organisation and would have a Secretary General presiding over a series of ambassadors in the city where she lived. Having been a medical officer in the war to end all wars she didn't think, she couldn't have been, was she going crazy? The Office of the Secretariat of the Secretary General had called upon her skills as a German interpreter to work within the translation department of the General Assembly but little did she know then that a curious series of events would lead her across the world in a manner with which she could not possibly imagine.

"When the time comes.." the random series of voices continued.

"Do not give them your light!" And with that, the voice disappeared. She was in her room, the shared space had two beds but she never saw anyone else within her bedroom chambers. The voice never returned, despite her longing for an answer or a reason why. Charlotte had spent little over five months working within the United Nations, a close knit high society of diplomats, academics, and politicians rushed to and fro on yet another day at

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work. But as she approached the building something strange happened as she hurriedly checked behind her as she exited the taxi whilst allowing the paranoia to get the better of her. "Good morning miss Grayson." The gentleman began as he approached with one arm outstretched as if to shake her hand. He didn't have any official identification and his hidden Scottish accent was telling of a noble household, but despite this she could still make out a slight twang in his faux American accent. During official training at headquarters, they, the translation administrators had been warned of anyone who approached them with regards to finding information or worse yet, in case of any danger of kidnapping. As such they were encouraged not to draw attention to themselves yet despite this fact she couldn't work out what was happening. 'How did he know her name?' She thought to herself. "Ms Grayson.." he continued as he pulled a device from his pocket. "This is a future technology.." he stated as he thrust it in her direction with a card on the shiny reflective screen.

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"I work for Her Majesties Foreign Office, should you experience anything strange please press the button on the phone." He finally finished but she couldn't initially understand what was happening due to the fact that phones were bulky and cumbersome. "I.. uh.. I'm afraid I really must object sir." She began but was misdirected by a passerby as the strange agent placed the strange shining object in her jacket pocket. Charlotte moves towards the main doors of the United Nations headquarters and as she did so, She looked at her face in the mirror like window frame and then glanced forwards towards the door.

16:48 - November 11th, 1947

Oxfordshire

Charlotte happened to have survived the year with little remorse or anger, they had lied to her but why? The fear, anger and revulsion was all becoming. Today was the final day of the assault on the French border front beneath the Earth despite the peaceful existence of the first organisation in New York to

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focus exclusively on world peace; global war would become a thing of the past, or at least it would be after today, history having been rewritten by the events and actions of one woman and the group of individuals who belonged to the former Templar Sect of Havens Old College.

00:47 - November 8th, 1947

Edinburgh

“Happy birthday Char!” The young man called as she glanced backwards in a sullen daze. David Cameron was barely a child, no older than 12 or 13; but despite this fact, he too was a hero, like her.

“Do not forget to check the cap of the dry housing of all funnel three, seven and nineteen which must be correctly prepared for the ball bearings of Hive Shaft Adjustment and Clutch housings.” The voice of the Operator called over the intercom.

“For Atomisation all Team Leaders please contact CWTC-O and show pass to the driver for international high speed travel, Alto-Meter Filter and pins must

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be properly latched to Terminals. Ground to avoid short circuit and relay all data to Section Command!” The Operators voice was feminine and slightly shaken, considering that they had fought for near on a month to no avail. The enemy was growing stronger by the day and there was no letting up, it would be now or never. As Theresa May walked amidst a few Scottish parliamentarians Including Kezia Dugdale and Nichola Sturgeon, prior to her speech, Charlotte passed by John Frederick Kennedy and Abraham Lincoln amongst other world leaders from the past and future. There was something curious happening in front of her, she stopped in front of Charlotte and in her own quaint English voice attempted to remind her that what she did today would echo for all of history, and that at the least one person in every generation would shout her name on a day of her choosing. Of course this was all whispered in hushed tones before the leaders began walking towards the columned halls of the Great Library under the city. Despite having saved the world time and again, the lady walked calmly but

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attempted to remain present and focused as she had been instructed to, towards the locomotive in the distance. As the old train steadily churned a series of funnels of steam from multiple locations, she knew that today was the day. The enemy that none of them dared mention, the same one that had existed in some form from the beginning was ever present. In her mind Charlotte knew that the time had come to end this once and for all but little did she know that, as they had predicted a long time ago, today was the last day of her life; her birthday ironically would be the end of all things in this reality.

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Part II
The Classified files of Agent X

Times Shadow

Time Index: (-34 seconds to Flood),
13,800,000,000 B.C

Location: unknown Status: Quantum
implosion - IMMINENT, All Systems -
CRITICAL

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In the beginning of known space and time, there was nothing but an unending emptiness. The cold but tranquil Aether was everywhere and everything; they had been waiting an exceptionally long time for the 'Cradle of Life'. Unbeknownst to them the thinly veiled corridor, all that was left of The Geodesic Global, a fortified scientific vessel was empty and darkened by the fringes of space beyond Epsilon, the Environmental Cloaking Unit.

The cradle of life which was a Human Biological Matter Conversion and Terraforming System, C.A.B.L.E or Computation Automated Biological Life Exchange which was integral to the foundation of Humanities last stand in the war for more time had vanished somehow as with the two people who had piloted Geodesic Global. In a riotous

flash of light and sound the ship finally arrived with a super-luminous BOOM of light, and explosive BANG-BANG-BANG leaving what remained of the ship as containment of C.A.B.L.E's separate internal neural algorithms failed. The Aether in that moment were both there and not there as if they were both in existence and not in existence at one and the same time.

The word was The Geodesics' way of communicating with the end user, but in the absence of a voice command, neither of the Smokeless Mirror Protocol's could initiate. That is, naturally until the sound that had been uploaded to the travel hardened science module at the end of life itself was temporally analysed for key indicators specific to Abigail's voice; the scientist who created her quantum operating mainframe. Hugh Lord and his wife Abigail had been in charge of the signal array that would allow for the first and last attempt by humankind to travail the gravitational resistance to spatio-temporal bombardment of inverse thermonuclear radio isotopes. That is to say, Geodesic had been that way for as long as humans had existed on Earth; humans

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being the only threat to the the Ær and the world as it once was. Backwards, forwards, backwards he travelled every second of every day through space and time surrounding every human being that ever existed on the planet in a field ; annihilating the past in a manner such that the temporal loop he was producing made him evident in space. The dominating distance he created from the point with which he created was an absolute strength and sacrifice. Forwards, backwards, forwards. With every jump he stopped breathing a little.

John Lane smiled a little. She was alive. Gravity and geometric pounds per square inch of surface compared to a sky scraper per square inch of his physical frame fractured its way through space and time until all was blackened in the same small space where he existed, that time began its long and perilous revision as a statues shadow through relativistic space in the form of a craft the size of a man. He would remain hidden beneath the cloaking field for as long as the ships cloaking field remained active.

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Each simultaneous instant of Earth's existence in space had to be plotted and a deviation from his physical plot of the ground could leave him further afield than the atmosphere; one second on the ground, the next a part of the atmosphere, or a rock or the sea or worse yet space.

I. Emperor

The Roman had only one word, his words previously being his strength. But as he approached what looked like a fort made of metal, he was stunned. He couldn't speak, having been born mute, and due to his lack of agility and strength wasn't a soldier. His eyesight was short and his mental faculties were a little weaker than those of the political, merchant and trader classes. He wasn't a philosopher and neither was he religious but rather a street urchin who begged his way through life despite being a full citizen of Rome. As he approached the building, he noted the glass, the clean nature of the windows, the fully automated doors opening and closing but couldn't work out what was happening. It was in those few seconds that the past and the future

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merged in the form of a war of faith as two academics argued at the top of their voices in a foreign language within the woods. The fact that the building had electricity was a foregone conclusion as he hadn't seen a light as bright in all his life.

When he ran, back to his masters chambers in the heart of what would become Romulus and Remus' dream, the Latin of his former glory as a wordsmith became pictures and hurried drawings, sparks of light in a cold and dark dreamless world of philosophy and Grecian Democracy. He had for all intents and purposes seen the light and now, he knew what he had to do.

A century later a man named Yeshua was born in a village in 10,000 b.c known as Londinium, under a bridge in which, the light, a message of hope would then become the word of a deity known as Deus.

2. The Frozen Soldiers of Germany

2018, October, 1st

It began with three streets of people all frozen solid like they were encased in ice, only they

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weren't encased in ice, nor were they frozen. The only thing about the people who were frozen on the three streets is, and this is an important point of note. They were all the same person. Like instantaneous snapshots of a man walking calmly down each street. It was the oddest thing; he was blonde, blue eyed and muscular, and his uniform bore an insignia that none of the people of Edinburgh could believe.

"He just appeared in the middle of the night and every where we go apart from when he crosses the road at the cemetery on Pilrig Street, the traffic lights at Leith walk and especially when he gets to the cemetery on Easter Road along with the flats that bear the Star of David.." one passer by began in front of the multiple instances of this unknown man, the soldier of the past who had broken the laws of physics.

"This.. man.." the Lord Provost, Mayor and leader of the City Chambers in Edinburgh began filled with revulsion. "This is a travesty, I demand to speak to Alexia Helens-St Jude". Before those words were uttered by the Lord Provost on national television, culture and society within the sleepy capital has

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revolves around the church, politics and the politics of peace. But to define this soldier of the past and just how he became frozen in time was a mystery. It was only after a day or two that graffiti appeared on not one but all of them. The words 'Nazi Scum!' Appeared on all of his iterations in time and space. Then he was stripped of the iterations one body at a time until only one remained still frozen in time. Little did they know that the future of the Latter Day Saints would rely on the one man and his insignia. How little we knew then and now. Had there been forgiveness in the future, the man with the insignia would have looked differently as he happily walked through an empty night time street alone with nothing bar his uniform, a gun and a helmet to protect him.

It turned out these apparitions were not a singular thing. Every capital city in the world, from the known world of 1925 had three streets, within a radius of approximately half a mile canvassed by these soldiers from the past; some of whom were treated with reverence and awe but most of whom became a symbol of hate, division and derision.

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In Germany, Ida Lammer began what would become the journey of a lifetime. As she donned a singular suit in what appeared to be a repeat of history. She was going to break the barrier between worlds and timelines on the eve of the Mars expedition to space. As lead architect and Chief Scientist, she had been chosen to be the first organic creature, that is the first non inanimate and innately human passenger of the Time Vault to the distant past in a suit designed to withstand a nuclear blast. As she looked around at all she had to leave behind, she knew that this had to work or else the future would be unwritten. As she waved goodbye to the worlds media, minutes before the arrival of the soldiers world wide, Ida's parting words on camera were simple calm and honest. "Science will prevail as a testament to human ingenuity, as with peaceful coexistence. Time it appears is now no longer left in the remit of Kronos, the grandfather of time. See you in a minute." It was then that the MSP Alexia Helens-St Jude began the countdown from the podium for the sake of the audience on camera. As compere and master of ceremonies

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this would be the defining achievement of human civilisation.

“3, 2, 1, activate the temporal distortion oscillator” she began as the Reichstag which was barely visible in the distance suddenly changed as the button on the podium was depressed. And then, it appeared. The statue of Adolf Hitler, right where the statue of the United Nations headquarters symbol had been. It was then that the world irrevocably and undeniably changed forever as Alex Judd began speaking in his usual relaxed German.

“And now to repeat our public experimental technology, showcased to the world as a testament to the founding fathers.”

3. The dictator

It was a simple and audacious plan to gather resources in a community pool in order to achieve sustainable and universal growth of a global society. What began with a bid to promote free and unequivocally universal rights to transportation through a generic bus pass was a system that became portable. I.e. the infrastructure behind the bus passes could be used to stem

Walking with Majesty

and even halt the rise of poverty through free universal education and free universal rights to education. Then it became Healthcare and beyond that welfare of the individual in order to allow for subsistence of the individual. As the old man walked carefully philosophising his thoughts to a transcribing assistant, something became apparent. This something was the beginning and end of all things, life as he knew it. Greener than the greenest green emanating from the tiniest of blades of grass on the hollow and lightest of the earths surfaces was this singular moment in which all the harvests of dawn had become a thought against the loss of the finality of sunlight; that is happiness was akin to the lack of a single grey hair. As he walked towards the fourth building in the distance, it moved silently at first but such was the nature of the election. As he walked towards the bench beside Chequers, someone of great importance appeared on the phones hologram as though painted on physical molecules of air.

There were no aircraft overhead due to the war and acceptance of the same,

Walking with Majesty

Disarmament being a thing of which previous generations fought and died for, it was a privilege and a right that none in the modern generation had learnt to value. As such the terror that had led to his election stood as a testament.

"Sir, I am aware that your temporal perception of this is not defined by society but as chief of staff I must implore you that we attack the Martians now or face a full scale revolt and loss of the resources they have. After all, it was only last century that our founding fathers of the New British Empire decidedly would have us attached an addendum to the Statute of Articles 329 through 450". The inclusion of new rights for machines meant peacekeeping amongst a galaxy of humankind with a singular planet standing in the way of their further evolution amounted to nothing more than a common goal. The Prime stood from his seated position amidst a series of hisses and mechanical ticks as his hollow frame motioned towards the crumbled ruins of a building.

"It was here.." The Prime began calmly, clinically and without emotion fought

Walking with Majesty

against themselves; one another. It was here.." he looked towards the sky as another flying creature crossed his path only to be shot out of the sky by a laser target.

"..that they journeyed, designed, built and destroyed; divided and ruled and now.." what looked like a grimace, as though a disappointment at the lack of anything bar fear and frailty had been the end of The creators. "..It is here my friend, that we.." he paused and then as the hologram shone across the skies of the empire it began. "Will become Gods amongst men!" And this the war for the control of Time began.

4. The Parliament

There was a whole street of them. One after another lined up in such a manner. They were the homeless, the lame, the sick, the lost, the ill and the weary. Each of them searching for something. It was in the morning and the evening of the first day, as they approached the one man who was praying; and the one who was drinking; the one on drugs and the one who was immoral that it happened. The truth is, even the police had hope. And in the end, they believed.

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Part III
Times Shadow

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Birth of Imperator -Time unknown
When history was the eye of tomorrow's
frontiers, I dreamt of a future far from
now. The sound of the wind gently
calling was all that could be heard. No
birdsong, or the movement of people; no
machines, not even water. Just the call
of the wind in the wilderness of a harsh
deserted wasteland. There was smoke
everywhere and the computer module
that controlled the everything from
water to the suits they all wore was
down meaning maintenance of what
remained of the ship was naturally not
being completed routinely. A single man
moved amidst the shattered debris and
as he crawled ever forwards one arm at
a time, his injury grew worse.
It was not a normal injury, of the kind
that slows a person, or an injury of the
kind that requires medical treatment.
Rather, they all had been affected and
upon returning to an atmosphere that
largely resembled that of Earth, the
truth of their mission was already a lost
point. Suddenly a voice called out in
near silence, "...scape.." to no avail as the
voice returned to static and a heavily
armed contingent of men and women

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boarded through a large crack in the protective layers of the hull. The ships sensors under ordinary conditions would have automatically generated a new welcome avatar and directions towards the guest of the future. But, not this time, not in this timeline. That was the moment the question indecipherable became an answer indeterminate, guided by a single uncaring, unloving series of tortuously principled propositions. That was the moment the future became the past.

Pangea

Plagued with a dream, a dreadful waking nightmare of days gone by and days yet to appear, she summoned it from memory and placed it within a river of thought. Of course, that was not how she had been always, all of her days. Rather, she had learnt, over time, to relish the opportunity to remove solely one arm from the armour allowing free movement in all directions. On her bed lay the object, encrusted in gold, diamonds and emeralds, rubies and sapphires yet she remained unsettled, troubled somehow

Walking with Majesty

as though she knew it was yet to happen, or it had already happened. Either way she couldn't make sense of it. The creatures she saw in her minds eye, the chariots of light and winged creatures, or the lizard like creatures with rough skin; they ate leaves yet she knew somehow that the danger was real. It wasn't until five minutes had passed, until some time beyond the present ticking of unseen clocks, reflecting amidst a courtyard of sundials and hedges that she realised what it meant.

She wanted to run, to shout, to scream but there was no point; it seemed useless in fact. So much so that as she regained her composure, faith emblazoned on her armour, she motioned towards it. That was the moment the past became the future.

Tibet

"Without words of clarity or consciousness we are nothing more than a series of hyper realistic transmissions of alpha and beta, theta and delta waves echoing within the shells we use for the will of deities unseen." She half cried, smiling even

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though her world was his words
rebounding within her mind.

“Without words of clarity, there is very little time; yet I know another way, of man who once lived. Not for his livestock or anything else of worldly satisfaction or joy..” his voice became distant as the bedside machinery led to a call for a doctor. “Without words of clarity..” as her frame was ushered out of the room, he looked peaceful amidst the tumultuous chaos, a dark night for philosophical realities, yet all she had was just that. “Words of clarity, the will guide you. If you let them.” And thus her past became their shared futures. A single whimper as it ruffled through a bun of the likes only a creature such as this could do. Hunger was becoming evident in its shaggy, unkempt and steadily thinning body. Desperately it searched, scratching and pawing. But there would be time yet for space and dreams of a future, where comprehension was something far beyond anything humanity understood. A companion, that was what they thought it was.

Rather, like fungi and trees, it was not of this Earth, alien even some would say;

Walking with Majesty

yet still generation after generation was born and would be so. Just to allow continuity of the very space they resided in. Then it happened, it's outer shell hardened and began to transform into a weapon, of the likes none had seen before.

“Stand back, I've been waiting a long time..” and this the backwards time travel began just as it had the time before, and as it would again.

Air Leeds Surveillance

The bus stop was quiet during the night shift. All save for a man possibly sleeping. The cleaner didn't notice, or didn't know what to do as the youngish man snores.

“..suppose you'll be happy as Larry camping overnight in the one place I need to clean before sunrise, up you get fella.” The young man didn't move.

“Look, a falling star..” still no reply.

“I need to clean there mate” he prodded him with the handle from his mop only for the one fear every cleaner fears at one point or another if they are actually insane. As the police rolled into the station a shaken cleaner pointed to the body. It's over there.

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Air Beijing Surveillance

When she came to she realised what had happened and instantly motioned towards the control panel via the [thing] on her arm. The fusion generator had caused a chain reaction wiping out the dinosaurs and creating a shift within the tectonic plates. That is to say...

What is a black hole?

A gravitational loop, e.g. travel through a star post- exhaustion of fuel and collapse of the core- which could be triggered during a universal catastrophe to alter polarity of all stars as opposed to just one with a view to travelling to a specific point in time. Return would pretty much be impossible due to the nature of black holes, thus it would essentially be a one way street.

Current universe would be shaped as such as a result of lack of fuel at the core of stars causing them to collapse and the process of collapse causing a universal constant - such as the black hole at the centre of the galaxy.

Walking with Majesty

I.e time, matter and energy all flow in a direction like a filled sink. It's not intensity, but rather density and volume. Thus all molecules tightly packed into the same space all travelling towards a single point in time. The wormhole leads to Yesterday's Tomorrow. To concepts in opposition to one another. Yesterday being the past and tomorrow being the future. But together they are the present (today). Consciousness resides in the present, but does it? Today, I am conscious. Tomorrow, I am potentially or actually conscious. Yesterday I was conscious. But today I am conscious. What does that mean.

The present is constantly perceived as moving, simultaneously existing in motion at one and the same time forwards being the direction. But yesterday was a definite but tomorrow is a potential definite. But tomorrow I will see today as yesterday (definite). So when does it cease to be potential and become definite? When it is the present. Thus time exists. But only I. The present. Thus yesterday and tomorrow cease to exist, only the present.

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So does consciousness leave after the present is (or rather becomes) the past. And at what time (point in space and time) does the present cease to be the present and become the past. If time moves backwards, then the future in fact is the present and the past. Whilst the past is the future.

I.e if the future is always definitely the future, then it is unreachable, forever moving out of the reach of the present. As with the past at present. Mind the pun. But the present ceases to be equally with each microscopic movement of the clocks dial due to humanities relative existence and understanding of quantum thermal dynamics.

New York

Why define everything in the future if it is destroyed already?

In a fractured timeline would there be two separate versions of the same universe?

Are the characters the same? (Both in the same side)? Same names, features, dress, character, technology, position? Is humanity still alive and bustling? I.e will the present (reality) still exist here

Walking with Majesty

and there? If so, what is the relevance of the past and future? If not what is the relevance of the relationship between doppelgängers from alternate space? Can two people (the same person from an alternate or someone else?) from the different universes with the same physical and general biological makeup exist in the same space - in the same universe?

Tetrarch robotics connected to a hive like AI (Wikipedia For Time-travellers), computation (scientific research and variance from the all knowing time index) and relay station (communications and ordinance portal) as well as dimensional polarisation phase units (the only route to the 'multi-verse') that comprise the Global Ordinance Device of the Geodesics' scattered amidst the darkness and voids in between and beyond the physical dimensions of time and space within the first universe which serve as a bridge between the first and second remaining parallels subordinated between communications and localised transportation of specific technology or personnel authorised to jump between Universal space. Restrictions as to

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traversing the void still exist due to damage and radiation emanating from the secondary group of operators in the burnt material space.

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Part IV
The Classified files of Agent X: Times
Shadow - Part 2

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Earth Geodesic notes on Quantum

Temporal travel -

small enough to fit in the hand

1.Alpha

2.Beta

3.Delta 4.Gamma

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Times Shadow

Galactic Geodesic - small enough to hold
one passenger

5.Theta

6.Sigma 7.Epsilon 8.Kappa

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The Classified files of Agent X

Universal Geodesic - small enough to fit
five to eight passengers

9.Phi

10.Rho

11.Zeta

12.Omega

Only parts of space are traversable due
to irradiation and most of space will be
empty (devoid of energy, mass or
mechanical/dynamic qualities in
relative space). Post apocalyptic future
beyond time and space.

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Fractured universe causes collapse of
time and as a result limits to
communication and space leave the past
trapped in a one way open
communication.

Air Richat Structure surveillance

The Eye of Africa,
viewable from space was
an interesting place to
hold a talk.

"Repeat.." her voice
began.

"Confirmed, repeating simulation" the
clinical but warm voice began as the
small dank darkness of the cosy but
spacious room suddenly transformed
into a clear backdrop of what was going
on outside. It was at this point that the
lush greenery and herbivorous
dinosaurs appeared as though they had
been hidden behind the veil of a dark
screen and were now surrounding her,
some were simply resting or sleeping,
some were roaming, others feeding on
the flora and fauna in packs and others
still were fighting or rustling in the
trees inquisitively attempting to find
some kind of life there. It was then that
she decided to take the training session

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into her own hands. "Place a marker 5 meters away in a 30 degree arc and predict where to go dependent on an incline of approximately 18 degrees."

"Confirmed, placing marker!" The computer repeated.

"Zoom out and define weather conditions!" She confidently commanded.

"Variable temperature patterns over multiple terrain sources found, marker location highlights 42.5 degrees with a light wind speed of 5 metres a second. Light rain based on precipitation and wind pressure variable between regions, weather system in current location moving to extreme in two hours and three minutes with storm conditions pushing upper atmospheric conditions from bearable to extreme" The computer replied.

"Location of Avatar?" The operator behind her asked.

"Avatar tracking system offline." The computer replied curtly to the operator.

"Confirmed, now playback last known footage of Commander Ross." The younger of the two began ahead of her older sisters interjection.

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"Confirmed, data acquisition confirmed. Playback, acknowledged!" The computer continued. The shadowy figure of the commanding officer appeared to struggle, walking with difficulty; there were a troupe of semi robotic devices surrounding her and a device in her right hand which allowed control of the same. Some of them were analysing and recording data to be relayed to the ship, some were harvesting and collecting samples, others were testing the air and projecting the information to her suit whilst one in particular was floating forwards and backwards in mid air. "Shall I resume playback." The computer requested as it had paused almost as soon as it had started. "Freeze frame on helmet video" the computers older operator began as she attempted to analyse the two or three bright dots in the distance.

Air Eritrea surveillance

When the message arrived, it was too late. The communications officer who had picked up the transmission relayed it immediately to a relay

Walking with Majesty

satellite just outside of planet Earth but all life, all of humanity would be destroyed due to the poisoning of the Temporal Stream, that is, the gateway from the future to the past.

“Self destruct order confirmed.. please leave your possessions and maintain an orderly fashion towards the life boats.”

The computer repeated amidst a cacophony of movement and weapons discharge internally and externally. The message had been broadcast throughout the known armada of the Haven Temporal Order, a conglomeration of ships from current and future scientific vessels. “Planetary decimation within 30 seconds.” The metallic sound of the robotic computerised voice of the alarm continued within the minds of every single human in the known multiverses rang destructively and violently like a choral song of epic proportions. The message had skipped a little time, somehow, despite being tested in a linear background regularly in order to allow for the evacuation and conglomeration of united fronts within one timeframe.

“Planetary decimation in 20 seconds” the computer continued as though there

Walking with Majesty

had been enough time to move every living organic creature in existence to the safe zone; that is to Earth at the point where the catalog of all life was researching the creation and extinction of a particularly interesting era in the early life of planet Earth.

Every time an order for the fix of the remaining physical parts of the ship was added or the cpu on the numerous controllers or the general processing unit of the commanding officers communications array or any number of the communications servers, relays or visual units; nothing would work. The connection to the mainframe had been destroyed. Someone had to make sure that the auto destruct process completed manually on each command centre, usually interspersed throughout the various Earths scattered throughout the multiverses by allowing the natural polarity of the solar entity at the centre of each habitable galaxy to implode as a result of a rotating vibration of the dynamic residual transmission using the frequency of inverse ionising gravitational waves emitted towards a star with a view to polarising the Temporal Stream, thus

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allowing the one way journey through the very heart of the solar system and thus the multiverses to become possible but as the vocal walkthrough of the evacuation of the interplanetary colonisation and deep space rescue began to fail, negative values within the computation of almost every navigation system began to point towards anomaly's and dangerously ionised or irradiated and repolarised solar entities.

The evacuation failed to complete due to the initial onslaught and decimation of all life almost everywhere throughout all of time and space. Everywhere, that is, save for the first vessel Earth Geodesic, a research catalogue designed to stand the one way trip toward the future of human deployment and colonisation of every known habitable Signal Beacon and Planter Vehicle prior to the Terraforming process due to begin in a few hours.

Seconds before losing contact with the remaining crew members on the largest of the Martian Defence Dreadnoughts, the commanding officer viewed a message that could only have come from a future timeline. She knew this

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because, historically, time ceased to be measured based on astronomical data and standards galactic and universal; rather time had been characterised throughout the chartered universe based on uniform gravitational resonance characterised by the energy and resounding radiation within from the solar entity in the Sol region of the Arc Universe, the original home of humanity.

The image became engraved on her retina as she became aware of its preconceived presence within her conscious mind. She clasped her hands together and attempted to pry her lips apart as the computer counted down the seconds; but as the photons danced around her iris from the screen in the darkness, she prepared for the end of all things. This time she knew all was lost. Nothing worked and the only safe place left on the ship was the fortified bridge pod at the centre of the last enclave of human civilisation on the ship Earth Geodesic. The brass, tin and gold admixture surrounded three separate layers of the collapsing ship within the Temporal Stream, that were mere seconds from jettison towards the

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moment they were supposed to witness the dawn of Dinosaurs. The alarm was clear and intermittent, yet constantly altering as though something was still happening on the outside of level “-3” the military science deck connected to the outer edge of the hull. There was movement and rapid automatic transmission of sonic weapons fire, in so far as the automatic defence of the ships outer surface had erupted into a chorus of conclusive sabotage destroying all neighbouring ships within the armada along with the detonation of the fusion generator.

Harare

“-Metallic shielding levels one through three compromised. Earth Geodesic Hydroponics and Stasis Bay damaged. Gravitational systems of Communications systems damaged. Officer class deceased. Secondary bridge crew deceased. Communications array and originator signal from Command missing. Searching for signal beacon..” a soft tone repeated three times and then something strange happened. The computer at the edge of time and space began scanning on

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frequencies that were classified even to autonomous reflections of a Command Signature. Something had happened meaning that either the Order was falling or the Order has already collapsed despite being the last hope for humanity.

The data banks within a sentient computer contained records of a nature that, were they to be transferred to an unscrupulous weapons dealer, coupled with a time machine could signal the end of time and history itself if not the collapse of the Temporal Order.

“..signal beacon missing, Armada signature detected at the edge of the solar system, preparing to signal for life signs. Shall I proceed?” The computers voice began as the sensory representation scanned the injured officer again and again.

It couldn't tell if he was alive or not due to a fault in the ambient temperature sensor as a result of the compromised shielding.

“Temporal Suit Radiation Shielding and battery core inactive. Automatic atmospheric controls reinitialising, stabilising gravitational filter..” a brief pause ensued in the Computers

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systematic Weapons and Operational status briefing and then it began the short journey to the outer edge of the solar system to scan and pick up the radiation suit from a closer proximity. As the computer repeated the message again and again, it repeated the scan again and again, causing the bridge section to be basked in a greenish blue blanket of light as the onboard robotic systems retrieved and returned him to the ship.

As he came to, his body felt unnecessarily light in zero gravity. “..Computer what is the date?” The communications officer who had initially signalled the evacuation order of the Armada of Mars’ defences systems began in a groggy and somewhat painful manner. “Estimate based on other solar entities in the nearby cluster..” a steady beeping tone began signalling the computer calculating and printing a holographic report with ship operational metrics along with astronomical charts of the nearby planet and stars, whilst showing the ships trajectory in a four dimensional holographic representation beside it. “Date based on gravitational force is

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approximately 3.4 billion years pre-industrialisation on earth.”

“Where is Sinus Meridiani in this dimension, is the on Mars?” He began quite urgently as though he realised that his scout ship was already being scanned for activity. “It’s on Phobos!” “Why is there more than one asteroid belt in this solar system, The Universal Constant within the Index of catalogued Arc Universe dictates that..”

“Incoming priority transmission from Command; beginning playback”

“..” the muffled sound of hurried footsteps and heavy breathing began the transmission, and then her recognisable voice began to speak. “begin...”

“Ross, where have you directed me to? I can’t find any signatures relating to the Order anywhere in the Arc Universe!”

“We received a transmission, full scale evacuation to the Arc. Then the rest of the network went dark and the sun polarised in a manner I haven’t seen outside of training.” “Procedure is to return to base and await further updates or data from the beginning”

Walking with Majesty

“Not so, any longer! I think we might be the only ones left. I need you to go into stasis just at the edge of Mars!”

“Mars?...” The officer began as he prepared to arm his entire bridge section.

“Do not arm the autonomous system, I believe they are tracking the computers through the weapons module and without the Engineers there is no way to reactivate weapons, we crash landed and barely survived long enough to send a signal beacon from here. I’m sending coordinates to your location as we are stranded on Earth. How does it look in your timeframe?”

“According to the computer simulations.. erm.. Earthquakes and debris!”

Walking with Majesty

Part V

Walking with Majesty

Hugh - 2901 A.D

At the exact moment when everyone and everything began going through his mind the past and future became incomprehensible, for he thought he was immune to time-travel due to the cybernetic upgrades. But in order to reclaim what was lost he did something that could not have been predicted by the Air itself nor even by his wife in the past.

As they began to move in unison, one motion after another in unison moved towards his glass and metal frame, he knew that the Entire Planet had fallen; like an old B-movie or a horror story within his worst memories and nightmares. They had been in existence since the beginning and now at the end of the world, time and history seemed to be a foreshadow to a developing consciousness; that is to say, everything from the food and water to the birds and mammals on the planet had been infected.

At first, Hugh Lord, the last intelligent life form on the planet motioned towards the simulation screen in which simultaneous corruptions of the timeline appeared like apparitions.

Walking with Majesty

Abigail was already in the past as per his instructions and the rest of his family lay in the construction he had been working on at the laboratory. There seemed to be such little time, especially to program Cable to destroy an aft corridor in the past from outside of the timeline in which he and Abigail existed and the fear Hugh had of a potential split in the reality of the past timeline would be too soon an end to all of humanities achievements. The truth was, a quantum implosion prior to the Big Bang in order to destroy a sentient alien race from the physical nature of space might potentially stop the infection of the world in time.

Walking with Majesty

Prayer dogma and prose

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Good Morning God,
Thankyou for the prayers and thoughts,
I hope mum is able to stay strong today
as with M, W and B etc.
Amen

P.s. I am reading a book called "Why I'm
no longer talking to white people about
race" and also "time and space- by
Stephen Hawking". I pray that
regardless of what I read that I might be
able to keep the word of god and the
sermons I heard yesterday in mind
throughout my shift today.
Amen

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Walking with Majesty

God,

if I protest my against my own inhumanity through a lack of religiosity or pious faithfulness in my life; if I call out for help I seem to get beaten back mentally. If I try to be strong I'm shown to be weak. If I shout I'm told I don't make sense. I don't seem to be taken seriously AND I'm accused of being dangerous. I'm a parent. A son, a brother and a cousin. I was a student, a friend and a nice man. Now, after all this, I am a Christian. Hopefully, I live in front of the world, protesting peacefully so as to create a cure for either cancer or HIV/Aids or both if possible. I'm not doing this for me or my family. But, for a world that is held to ransom for the price of a new plane or bombs or guns or drugs or cigarettes or booze or mental health of a nation or democratic rights that have been eroded. Does that make me a terrorist? Because I have faith for the sake of actual people. Thanks for speaking to me and warning me for so long. Thanks for the meds. Thanks for changing my life and keeping me safe. Amen

Walking with Majesty

Dear god,

I have spent my life running from anything and everything. Responsibility, loyalty, education, race and even family. The only thing I have failed to run from is the broken, lost, fragile and hurting masses of people anticipating some kind of example or a miracle or words of hope. I have none of those, rather I have just a prayer. What is normal for other people? What is happy? Escaping the reality of my life like it's a biblical prophecy come revelation of how not to live, I've discovered how not to fit in. I've discovered how not to love or respect. The people from my church tried so hard to accept my family, the schools and university had high hopes until I failed. In every job I've been less than my absolute best. I'm not even good at ending the depression or willing myself out of ill health. I seemed this far to have quit everything bar cigarettes. My daily struggle.

If I as one individual, a believer in the better nature of humanity, had stopped trying so hard to be like everyone I was blessed to be around and just chose a bible and faith, I might be

Walking with Majesty

comforted and comfortable alone. Other people's strength of mind and character is not my own. I don't feel like everyone else, something's missing but I don't know what. Help me to retain my faith because as I attempt to continue the journey, as I continue to think of ways to improve life; the end - an endless battle not to give up is sort of like new beginnings(?). So, Sunday!

P.s. talking about race is fine but why is it that if someone puts a person down based on physicality it's obviously offensive, rude and disrespectful as a contribution to language or decency, yet talking about positive behaviour based around ethnicity is a similar problem to war or religion. I am no diplomat but, hope; that's what the future is supposed to be about. Why can't all my faith and hope be in the present as opposed to constantly looking to tomorrows unreachable.

P.p.s I can't repay the price of all I owe in the form of social restitution. Time is running out and faith is not the tunnel lighting it once was. I wish it was a lighthouse, a beautiful backdrop amidst stormy seas, but when my ship arrives will the light guide me or my own will to

Walking with Majesty

succeed, strive and compete. I pray I can just keep up

God,
sorry for not putting in a hundred percent today; I'll try harder tomorrow. Thankyou for knowledge and wisdom (where I am able to think and act properly), sorry for the times I am not able to or have not been able to see the damage and danger to myself and others as a result of lack of honest and genuine faith or belief in you. I pray I can outwardly show that I am a believer not through mistaken belief or an attempt to define

the reality I live in, for and by. Sorry for every time I have not been able reach out for you or read the bible. Sometimes it's easier to just ignore the voice in my head or my own thoughts rather than actually face the reality I live in, for and by as with every one of the

Walking with Majesty

7,000,000,000+ other people who equally share this, our first home within and amongst the cosmos. I Thankyou for every voice I have heard and experienced as I cried out for guidance, for leadership, for the forgiveness for every right and wrong. For every kindness and for every sin I pray I can move forwards

safe in the knowledge that there is an infinite and eternal creator and pray that my children can find god; not just because they think I wish it upon them, but because they wish to be closer to you Lord. God, I pray that they find your spirit holy and rever and fear your awesome healing power. I pray they find a home with you and are led patiently and disciplined gently. I pray you can make me into the father they deserve rather than following my own will in order to corrupt their young minds against all that you work so hard to save. Thankyou for the relative peace, it was genuinely appreciated. And

Thankyou for showing your love to the kids. I pray they don't feel as I have done in the past and grow to see your

Walking with Majesty

face, your life, your heart and find gladness and peace in you. Until tomorrow, morning I pray Thankyou for keeping us all safe for so many years.

God,

I am not trying to bring other people down to the detriment of my own life which is selfish. I am not trying to punish other people to the detriment of their own lives. I don't want to sacrifice my life or live in martyrdom to a cause for others as though faith and

belief in Christ dictates that sacrifice is death. The wages of sin are death. But eternal life is the gift of god?

Seek the truth; (a very short play about faith and doubt)

During the post-apocalypse 4 strangers and myself are trapped in a boarded up church. Gunfire and explosions can be heard in the distance

Narrator: Today the evil inherent reminded me of what the better nature in humanity is, it's a thing called faith, it's

belief, it's prayers and it's god in Christ Jesus, our lord.

Walking with Majesty

Forgiveness (1): What? Like life wasn't hard enough? Praise (2): It's true, I don't understand.

Sacrifice (3): But, healing shouldn't take this long.

Me: Sorry for being a little bit late but.. I want to throw stuff but am poor.

4: Laugh.. then when I break technology I be free? No then I have nothing. Yay!

1: Haler, he said. Inhaler?

Narrator: The next morning

4: Sorry

1: I don't have manners.

Me: Rest up.

4: I am a dick! Dickens would have been amused. I'm not a bad person. I make mistake. I cry lots. Be happy. No I free. Happy no. Go fuck you self. There she horrible. I am. Sorry.

1: What? That's pretty much impossible?

2: Who? What? Why?

3: Like it's a game. A random turn in a chance based game. 1: Everyday.

Absolute bullshit. 2: I guess, I don't believe it.

3: yet. Still, I don't understand.

1: Define, reality. What is faith and belief?

Walking with Majesty

Me: Faith, belief and reality are all that's left after 35

years of escapism, wasted by my own mind. So why now? Because of the hunger strike? 1: Or because of the behind with the times thing?

2: Or the racist times?

3: Or just because it's easier to be godless in a godless world?

Me: It was bad enough just destroying my life with no introduction but actually, why not just destroy humanity or an entire continent or planet? 1: I don't hate.

2: God is love.

3: Surely I get a choice as to who I believe in?

Me: or how I live?

Mercy (4): Hi, do you think hunger and poverty are linked?

3: Do you think wealth and hiv/aids are linked?

2: Fortune vs a cure

1: Not antiretrovirals?

1: Why can't I just be nice? 2: Instead of running my mouth.

3: Why can't I just be nicer? Me: Good people are nice aren't they?

Walking with Majesty

4: Me, I'm thoughtless. Pma 1: Positive mental attitude is strength inward and outward. 3: Strength is nice but, facing my reality is nicer.

Me: I hate being horrible. Nobody likes being alone all the time. So why do I?

2: Maybe I am unloveable as opposed to unloved.

1: All I had to do was threaten to starve in the uk for an ideal or forgiveness, and then I felt bad.

Me: Am I wrong to desperately seek help where none is forthcoming?

1: Am I wrong for always feeling helpless, where other people see me as hapless and care free?

3: I hate being judged and scrutinised. Watched and prodded.

2: It's all over, and there is nothing I can do save for laugh. My foolishness has cost other people pride, dignity, self worth and

esteem, value, freedom, all the riches in the world and I still wouldn't be able to replace a single tear.

Praise begins to cry as Forgiveness hands her a handkerchief.

1: It's ok.

Walking with Majesty

2: Thanks again. For everything.

Narrator: An explosion nearby startled the inhabitants of the church as they all peer through some boarded up windows.

Me: [pacing from side to side] I'm not nothing. I was happy.

For a day, I was happy. Then back to that bloody mission. 3: It's a war.

4: I don't have a lot to say about it.

Me: Because I am not a leader. I'm the guy at the end of the cue waiting for fish or manna but Jesus hands me a piece of bread that's been touched by thousands.

1: But hey, miracles?

2: I'm not a fan of anything or anyone.

3: Just the bible.

4: That's why it's hard to read. Me:

Because if I was a nice person; a good person, unblemished and perfect, I'd be happy.

1: Am I to blame?

2: I feel like I am. 3: Am I to blame? Me: Hal?

Narrator: (Who's Hal?) - the robot from 2001: A space Odyssey.

4: No it's my fault, for being a moron.

Me: I deserve to be alone.

1: I don't deserve kids.

Walking with Majesty

2: I don't deserve friends or salvation.

Me: The children do.

4: But if I'm not hard on me, then your hard on me, or the next guy/girl.

2: Terrorist and nazi walk into a bar, all hell brakes loose. It's not funny. Boom boom.

Me: Now, Jesus and Jedi, are they that far apart? (On one side, role model, on the other Jesus)

2: Man walks into a bar and says, "blimey, all hell broke loose"

1: So a Christian.. too far!

2: Irish shoplifter joke? So how did the shoplifter lift a shop but then get stuck under it?

1: I heard it before..

Me: knock knock.. [no one answers] that's because I'm not funny. The Holy Spirit is funny.

4: How so?

Me: Well, the more you drink it, the more you sober..

1: A sobering thought.

Narrator: Hmmm..

Isolated silence..

1: Do you think cancer in 1/4 people is Christian doctrine? Me: Do you support

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war or peace? Disarmament is a dream.

You make the difference.

Narrator: Religion is now. Faith is always.

The End

Walking with Majesty

Prayer, dogma and prose 2

Walking with Majesty

Good Morning God,
Thankyou for the prayers and thoughts,
I hope mum is able to stay strong today
as with M, W and B etc.
Amen

P.s. I am reading a book called "Why I'm
no longer talking to white people about
race" and also "time and space- by
Stephen Hawking". I pray that
regardless of what I read that I might be
able to keep the word of god and the
sermons I heard yesterday in mind
throughout my shift today.
Amen

Walking with Majesty

God,

if I protest my against my own inhumanity through a lack of religiosity or pious faithfulness in my life; if I call out for help I seem to get beaten back mentally. If I try to be strong I'm shown to be weak. If I shout I'm told I don't make sense. I don't seem to be taken seriously AND I'm accused of being dangerous. I'm a parent. A son, a brother and a cousin. I was a student, a friend and a nice man. Now, after all this, I am a Christian. Hopefully, I live in front of the world, protesting peacefully so as to create a cure for either cancer or HIV/Aids or both if possible. I'm not doing this for me or my family. But, for a world that is held to ransom for the price of a new plane or bombs or guns or drugs or cigarettes or booze or mental health of a nation or democratic rights that have been eroded. Does that make me a terrorist? Because I have faith for the sake of actual people. Thanks for speaking to me and warning me for so long. Thanks for the meds. Thanks for changing my life and keeping me safe. Amen

Walking with Majesty

Dear god,

I have spent my life running from anything and everything. Responsibility, loyalty, education, race and even family. The only thing I have failed to run from is the broken, lost, fragile and hurting masses of people anticipating some kind of example or a miracle or words of hope. I have none of those, rather I have just a prayer. What is normal for other people? What is happy? Escaping the reality of my life like it's a biblical prophecy come revelation of how not to live, I've discovered how not to fit in. I've discovered how not to love or respect. The people from my church tried so hard to accept my family, the schools and university had high hopes until I failed. That was before Christ, despite faith surrounding me everywhere. In every job, I've been less than my absolute best. I'm not even good at ending the depression or willing myself out of ill health. I seemed this far to have quit everything bar cigarettes. My daily struggle.

If I as one individual, a believer in the better nature of humanity, had stopped trying so hard to be like

Walking with Majesty

everyone I was blessed to be around and just chose a bible and faith, I might be comforted and comfortable alone. Other people's strength of mind and character is not my own. I don't feel like everyone else, somethings missing but I don't know what. Help me to retain my faith because as I attempt to continue the journey, as I continue to think of ways to improve life; the end - an endless battle not to give up is sort of like new beginnings(?).

So, Sunday!

P.s. talking about race is fine but why is it that if someone puts a person down based on physicality it's obviously offensive, rude and disrespectful as a contribution to language or decency, yet talking about positive behaviour based around ethnicity is a similar problem to war or religion. I am no diplomat but, hope; that's what the future is supposed to be about. Why can't all my faith and hope be in the present as opposed to constantly looking to tomorrows unreachable.

P.p.s I can't repay the price of all I owe in the form of social restitution. Time is running out and faith is not the tunnel lighting it once was but rather a solar

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entity. I wish it was a lighthouse, a beautiful backdrop amidst stormy seas, but when my ship arrives will the light guide me or my own will to succeed, strive and compete. I pray I can just keep up

Walking with Majesty

God,

sorry for not putting in a hundred percent today; I'll try harder tomorrow. Thank-you for knowledge and wisdom (where I am able to think and act properly), sorry for the times I am not able to or have not been able to see the damage and danger to myself and others as a result of lack of honest and genuine faith or belief in you. I pray I can outwardly show that I am a believer not through mistaken belief or an attempt to define the reality I live in, for and by. Sorry for every time I have not been able to reach out for you or read the bible.

Sometimes it's easier to just ignore the voice in my head or my own thoughts rather than actually face the reality I live in, for and by as with every one of the 7,000,000,000+ other people who equally share this, our first home within and amongst the cosmos. I Thank-you for every voice I have heard and experienced as I cried out for guidance, for leadership, for the forgiveness for every right and wrong. For every kindness and for every sin I pray I can move forwards safe in the knowledge that there is an infinite and

Walking with Majesty

eternal creator and pray that my children can find god; not just because they think I wish it upon them, but because they wish to be closer to you Lord. God, I pray that they find your spirit holy and revere and fear your awesome healing power. I pray they find a home with you and are led patiently and disciplined gently. I pray you can make me into the father they deserve rather than following my own will in order to corrupt their young minds against all that you work so hard to save. Thank-you for the relative peace, it was genuinely appreciated. And thank you for showing your love to the kids. I pray they don't feel as I have done in the past and grow to see your face, your life, your heart and find gladness and peace in you. Until tomorrow, morning I pray thank you for keeping us all safe for so many years.

Walking with Majesty

God,

I am not trying to bring other people down to the detriment of my own life which is selfish. I am not trying to punish other people to the detriment of their own lives. I don't want to sacrifice my life or live in martyrdom to a cause for others as though faith and belief in Christ dictates that sacrifice is death. The wages of sin are death. But eternal life is the gift of god?

Walking with Majesty

Seek the truth;

(a very short play about faith and doubt)

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belief, it's prayers and it's god in Christ Jesus, our lord.

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4: Laugh.. then when I break technology I be free? No then I have nothing. Yay!

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Narrator: The next morning

4: Sorry

1: I don't have manners.

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Me: Rest up.
4: I am a dick! Dickens would have been amused. I'm not a bad person. I make mistake. I cry lots. Be happy. No I free. Happy no. Go fuck you self. There she horrible. I am. Sorry.
1: What? That's pretty much impossible?
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years of escapism, wasted by my own mind. So why now? Because of the hunger strike? 1: Or because of the behind with the times thing?
2: Or the racist times?
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Me: It was bad enough just destroying my life with no introduction but actually, why not just destroy humanity

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or an entire continent or planet? 1: I don't hate.
2: God is love.
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Me: or how I live?

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2: Maybe I am unloveable as opposed to unloved.
1: All I had to do was threaten to starve in the uk for an ideal or forgiveness, and then I felt bad.

Walking with Majesty

Me: Am I wrong to desperately seek help where none is forthcoming?

1: Am I wrong for always feeling helpless, where other people see me as hapless and care free?

3: I hate being judged and scrutinised. Watched and prodded.

2: It's all over, and there is nothing I can do save for laugh. My foolishness has cost other people pride, dignity, self worth and

esteem, value, freedom, all the riches in the world and I still wouldn't be able to replace a single tear.

Praise begins to cry as Forgiveness hands her a handkerchief.

1: It's ok.

2: Thanks again. For everything.

Narrator: An explosion nearby startled the inhabitants of the church as they all peer through some boarded up windows.

Me: [pacing from side to side] I'm not nothing. I was happy.

For a day, I was happy. Then back to that bloody mission. 3: It's a war.

4: I don't have a lot to say about it.

Me: Because I am not a leader. I'm the guy at the end of the cue waiting for fish

Walking with Majesty

or manna but Jesus hands me a piece of bread that's been touched by thousands.

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4: But if I'm not hard on me, then your hard on me, or the next guy/girl.

2: Terrorist and nazi walk into a bar, all hell brakes loose. It's not funny. Boom boom.

Me: Now, Jesus and Jedi, are they that far apart? (On one side, role model, on the other Jesus)

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2: Man walks into a bar and says,
“blimey, all hell broke loose”

1: So a Christian.. too far!

2: Irish shoplifter joke? So how did the
shoplifter lift a shop but then get stuck
under it?

1: I heard it before..

Me: knock knock.. [no one answers]
that’s because I’m not funny. The Holy
Spirit is funny.

4: How so?

Me: Well, the more you drink it, the
more you sober..

1: A sobering thought.

Narrator: Hmmm..

Isolated silence..

1: Do you think cancer in 1/4 people is
Christian doctrine? Me: Do you support
war or peace? Disarmament is a dream.
You make the difference.

Narrator: Religion is now. Faith is
always.

The End

Walking with Majesty

**Thinking and Praying for myself and
others**

I used to and still do pray regularly.
Sometimes aloud, at other times
internally. It’s calming and easier to do
than talking sometimes. Different
people pray for different reasons; some
examples include;
Grief, loss, strength, bravery,
intelligence, knowledge, wisdom,
patience, children, parenting skills, life
partners, betterment of circumstances,
work, healing, other people’s
circumstances to improve, transport,
safety, peace, homelessness alleviation
and an end to hunger, disarmament, the
environment, the past, the future,
forgiveness, light in an uncertain world,
rest, happiness, a genuine home, quiet
comfort, heat, something to do, a voice,
the leaders to have direction, an end to
open dedication, humanism, female
rights and equal rights, rights in
general, an understanding of non-
proliferation internationally, a political
school in every neighbourhood
everywhere, an end to terrorism, for the
homeless to have food and shelter, an

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end to child prostitution, an end to substance misuse, an end to alcohol reliance, and end to manufacture of bullets, bombs and tanks, roads to

anywhere and everywhere, animal rights, human rights internationally, faith, church leaders everywhere, strength for married couples, an end to sexual immorality, a greater reliance on one another when times are hard, for no one to feel alone, safety for astronauts and scientists, thankfulness, forgiveness and prayer, happiness, and end to bullying and harassment, an end to stalking, an end to the voyeur culture, soundproofing everywhere, a place for everyone, an end to hostility and aggression, an end to hunger and hunger strikes, an end to gluttony, a compassionate world, a caring world, for more morals everywhere and less greed, for maturity with regards to sexual health, for love, for an imagination, for a skill, for doctors and nurses, for the poor and for the policemen and women who are usually working 24/7 and 365 days a year, for an end to war, I pray for Iran to disarm, I pray for Israel and Afghanistan to

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disarm, I pray for America and Germany to disarm, for Zambia and Zimbabwe to disarm, I pray for an end to apartheid and segregation, I pray for tomorrow, today and yesterday, I pray for every country to accept peace and live like Christmas everywhere everyday, I pray for Christ's sake that he'll come back and that we didn't send the world en masse to hell, I pray for farmers worldwide and for the IMF and Worldbank staff, I pray for the U.N and W.H.O, I pray for the Red Cross, I pray for anyone waiting for a transplant, and for all healthcare and social professionals, for all 7,000,000,000+ people on planet Earth, for people in secular and multi-faith communities and churches, I pray for free choice and for anyone who's lost a baby, I pray for mums and dads and for an end to negative thoughts, words and deeds, I pray for people who feel trapped and for

people who are free, I pray for community and for anyone who self harms or is suicidal, I pray for law makers and peacekeepers as well as for students and role models, I pray for low income wage earners, and for intelligent

Walking with Majesty

and progressive ideals, I pray for educators and leaders of faith, I pray for people in religious communities, I pray for men, for women and children, I pray for anyone affected by bullying or suicide, I pray for anyone who is sad or unhappy with life, I pray for strength for other people, I pray that God is with you, I pray that he doesn't leave, I pray history doesn't repeat, I pray for teenagers, I pray for the pregnant, I pray for children who suffer from divorce, loss and death, I pray for anyone who has an undiagnosed condition or for anyone who hides behind a veil or wall or barrier in order to get through the day, I pray lord god soften the hearts of our leaders and help us forgive one another not just in thought word or deed but by continuous and unending proactive action, I pray for councillors, I pray for change and for different types of healthy alternatives, I pray for a Christmas that has Jesus at the table, I pray for anyone affected by war, I pray for Yemen, I pray for prisoners and for the victims, I pray for the pope and ultimately for any institution that has criminal overtones, I pray that there is an end to dogma and

Walking with Majesty

a beginning of true and unequivocal faith and belief in one another and ourselves, I pray god, that though things seem pretty dark, we all might see the light, I pray that humanity doesn't allow the extinction and destruction of all marine life to continue, I pray for salvation and for remembrance, I pray that someone out there hears at the least one prayer for salvation, I pray for everyone I've ever met, offended or lost, I pray for the people who made me, I

pray for family's everywhere, I pray for my own ignorant and biased viewpoints with regards to peace and disarmament because if no one sees peace and full lives in which we end poverty and rehabilitate and support every human being to progress everyday - the world may as well be lost, I pray for encouragement and salvation unilaterally, I pray for dialogue internationally for all peoples regardless of race, education and background, I pray that for anyone who suffers silently there will be someone who can help, I pray for charities to be honest transparent and hard working, I pray for volunteers and thank god for

Walking with Majesty

every opportunity and good person in life, I pray for redemption, I pray for a reduction and end of domestic violence, I pray for an end to jail cell sentences, I pray for an end to empty churches, I pray for sinners and believers, I pray everyone finds true love, I pray for the old, I pray for the young, I pray for joy and rejoicing, I pray that my kids will remember my face just as I pray my parents will be remembered by me, I pray for any body and everybody who lives in fear, alone, broken or abused; I pray for anyone who feels they don't have a voice, I pray for good whether, I pray for the hole in the ozone layer to get fixed, I pray for Mars and for the moon expeditions to be safe, I pray for rehabilitation of anyone who lives in fear, whether the fear is of the past, the present or the future, I pray for guidance, I pray to God that I might get to meet you one day, equally I also pray that I can remember the people who made me the way I am, I pray that I value Christ Jesus as my saviour and lord, I pray for the bankrupt, I pray for the people's affected by extreme weather or animal attacks, for anyone who is insulted or attacked by people, I

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pray for anyone who doesn't know any better and for the people

who do know better, Thankyou for being my rock god, Thankyou for always keeping me safe, for the lessons during my waking life and for dreams of a future existence, Thankyou for every tear and for keeping my head up, Thankyou for the encouragement and for role models, forgive me for not knowing how to say I am sorry and for not having loved myself or other people, Thankyou for giving me faith and belief, Thankyou for keeping me alive even when I should have fallen instead of others, Thankyou for keeping me alone, and for protection, Thankyou for salvation and for keeping me busy with a mission even when I didn't know which way I should turn or how hard I had to try, I pray things work out and for appreciation especially for those who deserve it, I pray for a way out. And for and end to the incessant tears on my pillows every single day, because there is only so much sadness I can take, before I start begging for an end to the constant drama in my life.

Walking with Majesty

Praying for myself and others
I used to and still do pray regularly.
Sometimes aloud, at other times
internally. It's calming and easier to do
than talking sometimes. Different
people pray for different reasons; some
examples include;
Grief, loss, strength, bravery,
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open dedication, humanism, female
rights and equal rights, rights in
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school in every neighbourhood
everywhere, an end to terrorism, for the
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substance misuse, an end to alcohol
reliance, and end to manufacture of

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bullets, bombs and tanks, roads to
anywhere and everywhere, animal
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Walking with Majesty

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Walking with Majesty

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because if no one see's peace and full lives in which we end poverty and rehabilitate and support every human being to progress everyday - the world may as well be lost, I pray for encouragement and salvation unilaterally, I pray for dialogue internationally for all peoples regardless of race, education and background, I pray that for anyone who suffers silently there will be someone who can help, I pray for charities to be honest transparent and hard working, I pray for volunteers and thank god for every opportunity and good person in

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Walking with Majesty

better and for the people who do know better, Thankyou for being my rock god, Thankyou for always keeping me safe, for the lessons

during my waking life and for dreams of a future existence, Thankyou for every tear and for keeping my head up, Thankyou for the encouragement and for role models, forgive me for not knowing how to say I am sorry and for not having loved myself or other people, Thankyou for giving me faith and belief, Thankyou for keeping me alive even when I should have fallen instead of others, Thankyou for keeping me alone, and for protection, Thankyou for salvation and for keeping me busy with a mission even when I didn't know which way I should turn or how hard I had to try, I pray things work out and for appreciation especially for those who deserve it, I pray for a way out. And for and end to the incessant tears on my pillows every single day, because there is only so much sadness I can take, before I start begging for an end to the constant drama in my life.

Part 2: praise the prose

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Futures Unwritten

At the end of time, time travel is a reality. This creation of multiple timelines appearing in parallel. Therefore these parallel universes, exist separate of one another whilst existing in parallel. A sacrifice such as space and (or) time travel exists. It requires a sacrifice beyond all others which at present cannot be contemplated due to a lack of respect or support for all that has come beforehand.

Imagine becoming a slave to save others? In so doing the people who exist now are saved rather than punished and pursued for bounty. We know from science and the use of technology and common knowledge, the world existed for aeons. We know Jesus Christ was a man who died and rose again. We know we cannot change the past, but what of saving the future one day at a time, through belief in the better nature of humanity.

Morals, belief, faith, honour, virtue. Not conquest but actual and realised salvation. Did dinosaurs exist when Jesus was alive? No, they died out many hundreds of millions of years ago, leaving australopithecus or homo-

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Sapienza to become modern mans
schizo-affective disorder. Every living
creature of its kind in a tribe or other,

in a town, village or city that
represented its civilisation pre-
multiculturalism. Technological change
and upheaval was slow and all
becoming, how many centuries did light
take to turn from flame, to electric light
bulbs. How long did sanitation take to
transform mortar and brick to a
working sewage system. Aeons of
advancements in communication and
tools, requiring a mindset. Time travel
can be real but in the current age it
requires something beyond all that any
of us have prepared for or defined
through logic. It requires a peace and
disarmament process to be realised.
Society of a human nature, dictates that
those who are able, must do as the
please at present to develop their skills.
Salvation on the other hand begs a
question. Over millions of years, with
the advent of loss of faith, loss of trust,
loss of community and direction,
ultimately hope is lost.
The Myan doomsday clock is an
example, the Egyptian pyramids, the

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development of the Greeks, the ancient
Romans and ancient Chinese empires
all used slaves. Could there be a window
in physical theory for temporal division
because a lot of ideas in the bible are
through technology becoming realised
even now. In the beginning was the
word and the word was with god. Then
god said, "Let there be light". None of us
wants to see the end of civilisation and
without a contingency, World War 3
won't be a game, book or preoccupation
on television (the scientific broadcast of
radio waves, unheard of centuries ago).
The cure for cancer, for HIV/AIDS, for
Ebola and Zika are out there just as,
penicillin, anaesthetic and the cure for
the bubonic plague or quarantine and
deep sea discovery or policing of the
seas and air or buildings and
architecture and food refrigeration all
were built over time. I hate my life,

I don't want to punish myself or my
kids. But I do want to find god, and as
cultured and educated as we are in this
age, we have as Charlie Chaplin once
said, "Lost the way."
Not everything is lost. There is still a
future. For now. But so many died,

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fought and sacrificed so much for McDonald's, Monsanto, Richmond. Democracy is just a word. Faith is all but gone. Fear is real but, people are killing themselves and the world. I'm from the Quantum Leap generation. I grew up watching David Hasselhoff in Knight Rider. I played with transformers and envied my friends who all played with batman toys. When I came to Britain I wanted a Spectrum. I got a master system. The irony is in the name. On my former passport it says Master as opposed to mister or Mr and that is probably the reason why I still try to have pride in my ownership of my own life and self preservation. But is that all there is, when we can be there to offer Jesus Christ medicine, food, and encourage him with ideas, faith and discipleship? There is no humour more relaxant to the world today than a simple idea. Ignorance, it kills people. Not one, but all people everywhere. We all lose when a future prince, leader, soldier, doctor, lecturer, student, mother or father succumbs to evil, greed, corruption and ultimately loses the life they could or should have shared with us all.

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I'm sorry for crying and if I can change I will. If I can harden my heart a draw strength from the bible fantastic, but until every mind says, I forgive the Nazi's or the Turks, or the Spartans, Persians, Romans, French, Vikings, Phillistines or whom ever the war is within our own heads and hearts, then we are still in the dark ages with Vlad the impaler, the ruler who beheaded his own people to ward off

enemies. Glorified in the media as a man. We are still in the dark ages, even today. The only difference is, we can see the damage we are doing to one another, yet none can stop it. I'd like to be a Christian, a follower of Christ, not because he was a Jew or king of the Jews, but because he was the son of an all seeing, omnipresent Deity.

Don't cry god

God, is not a man or woman, or child. Maybe once, but not now. Immortality having taken its toll, he sits; nodding off to the sound of his neighbours screams churning into the choral sound of wind amidst birdsong. His unhealing, unsealing wound containing a universe of stars and planets,

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nebulae and galaxies carried beyond his own reality is likened unto a child falling from a bicycle, only to gain a scar. One day, the scar is covered and the memory is buried; another day it is worn like a badge of honour to show how brave, how strong, how tough he was. But that's not how it happened. God did not fall off a bicycle, rather perhaps he was a doctor who experimented on himself, the serum he used being a onetime thing. Only for it to cause a change in his body; his soul, his spirit. Thus regular medication to fight the evil within the sickness, this unhealing taint. Perhaps, alone he succumbs to it; imploding into a reality unlike any other, reverting to an earlier stage in his own life, when he didn't have to carry a burden alone; or a memory alone, or be the light, the truth, the life on his own. Perhaps he chose to forget his creation for a while in order to be alone, so he could cope, so he could think, to remember before as opposed after. Or maybe, he's not alone, for in his likeness we search for him everywhere; in woods, in lakes, in trees and clouds, on roads and cities, towns and villages

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time and again. Yet the struggle never ends, his legacy, the voices he hears singing in unison.

Sin - a brief history of
The words, deeds and thoughts of the individual based on actual or lack of intellectual capacity within the mind of every living creature is a thought. Can a bird sin? Or a dog? Or a rat, or a cat? Yet as a human being, thrust into the light as gods chosen creatures, without technology we are unable to defy gravity hence the eagle is defined as a strong and proud predator above all others in its food chain. Were I born an eagle I would hunt fish, but would I think of my creator or think of why the need to continue procreating was necessary? If I were born a lion I would be a man-eater but would I have remorse for every life taken or for moving territory? Would I leave my cubs and the group of lions I would learn to call a word that defines human emotion, my pride? But instead, a man walking past Autumnal trees and high rise flats I'm questioning the nature of sin and why it's necessary to have to live in sin in order to find God? To

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differentiate my love for peace from lust, or greed, or war, or bloodlust? If I had only ever learnt the positive aspects of life, would I have been a lot happier in mind with the mundane and the tame voice of passivity? Or would I be obsessed with shouting out obscenities due to the humdrum nature of existence. And so it rains, the eagle soars and the fish rages desperately struggling to get to the other edge of the stream against a current. In near silence a bear cub waits for a mother to return whilst on the other edge of a plain a gun shot rings to the sight of a bears blood, staining the mountain; evolved through time, centuries and millennia

and aeons of evolution. Only for that bear cub to roam with humans in a circus.

First there is sin, then there is man, then there is a fragile tear; a crack in the ice braces for penguins or seals to pear through opposite ends of a spectrum for air, for food, for love of clouds in c minor. But regardless, through it all, in silence a man walks towards a shop, waiting for salvation

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from sin in his own mind. God might love us all, but free will is the tar pit of the old Saber Tooth; crawling, shouting, screaming, pleading, begging, reeling and pawing and then succumbing to the end. And with one, two, three bubbles where once there would have been life, a paw sharp and covered in fur and blood from a meal previous; the remains of a diplodocus or a triceratops or a small velociraptor courtesy of the plains beyond sinks. It's final thought, probably like mine but not likely in the same voice. "God, let my family live". And in reply, a tiger pads around Edinburgh zoo, calling, begging, pleading, analysing the task ahead. Screaming, reeling and pawing. It's single, solitary, only thought "God, let me die".

Sunrise, sunset, sunrise anew; the Earth lives, it yearns, it dies and is reborn but truth be told, the sun doesn't rise, neither does it set. The sun only gets hotter and grows as with the earths mantle and surface. The trees, watered by the same century old, millennia old, aeon old water cycle on an axis, tilted in such a way as to allow the refraction of light and global rotation to give and take

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away the darkness in replacement of light. So where is god during the darkness that early humanoid existed? In eyes, the windows to souls? In caves with groups of hairy cave dwellers desperately surrounding a smoky fire, or before fire, cowering in the

trees from predators that climb and hunt and eat? Whilst the brain of one calls out, "god, let me survive, help us survive. I'll do anything. I'll eat leaves, I'll... i'll invent tools!" A branch, a leafless, sharp branch strikes the saner tooth in an eye, a neck, a leg? Further up the tree he or she climbs and the tiger struggles until it falls into a tarpit. God might love us all, but free will is the tar pit of the old Saber Tooth; crawling, shouting, screaming, pleading, begging, reeling and pawing and then succumbing to the end.

Humans can't fly like birds but small creatures with feathers witness the scene at the edge and then realise, after having been pushed from a tree by the desperate, instinctual lunge of a predator pushed from its habitat. Attempting to fight the cold and annoyed by the sight of a single lonely

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cub, the flightless bird realised it can fly having hovered in a random moment of complete chance, and its leader replies, no longer an outcast today you have become an eagle.

All the while it slithers around a tree in a garden in the eye of Africa, not yet formed, not yet removed from the islands that form, or the continents separated, one from another. In silence a cloud flies past a mountain without shadow, preparing to unleash rain and thunder, sleet and snow. And in reply god shouts out with all his might, with all his anger and strength as the battle of all battles rages. On the first, or the last planet, on his first or his last creation. Injured, a megaton of asteroid or a planetoids wipes out the sun from view as the fragments pass and then remain around Mars' orbit. Then silence as all life on Mars freezes and then dies as the atmosphere disappears, whilst the snake also injured stops circling the untouchable tree in

search of the fruit to take it out of darkness. Instead he feeds, and feeds, and feeds on the voiceless, the needy, the past and the future; he

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contaminants and detains and fights and wars, pretending he is god. He kills and travels and forgets to pray. For he has finally learnt to walk in mans image of god.

In silence god cries, injured still; for the destruction of his garden, his crib, his child and creation, his live and light; path to salvation and healing lives no longer but rather thrives without and beyond his constant, unending presence. Last of his kith and kine, alone he screams and in anger unleashed his wrathful vengeance until there are no more floods, no more deaths or pain through childbirth, until there is no murder or sexual immorality. Alone he screams in silence. "Today the evil inherent reminded me of what the better nature in humanity is, it's a thing called faith, it's belief, it's prayers and it's Gods sacrifice in the gift of Christ Jesus, our lord and saviour." Corruption is endemic. Where there is no corruption, no evil can be found. Where there is corruption, evil is rife and can only be sustained by a majority of the same. When all things are just as such, that is, where only an evil person is surrounded by evil, then only evil will

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exist. Where only good exist then only good will be exhibited within the people.

Unfortunately, due to the Judeo-Christian perception of morality, the idea of evil is such that evil is inherently a good unto itself only in the eyes of irreligious persons and where absolute power corrupts, it corrupts completely. There is no such thing as an incomplete corruption and as such good must be perceived through the eyes of good. Therefore, in just such a circumstance, only good people can go to heaven and bad people go to hell.

Now what is corruption in comparison to power where power is such a thing as for instance cancellations of an outstanding balance for an entire civilisation as opposed to a group of nations or nationals or a social order that allows lateral as well as actual social mobility. I.e. where there is no meaning to a persons actual self worth, the self has created an idea of bias within the ideal image of a creator, where a creator has been hit with a bias, and when I use the term hit with bias, I mean bias has corrupted the self

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completely, there is only one resolution to the problem.

Reparations are not a solution to complete and utter anarchy, as opposed to the end of wars and the end of monetary policy and contractual obligation as the salvation of an entire planet is further watching than a present or future generation. The goal is to save all previous and future generations from as the League of Nations put it "the scourge of war". As perceived in all Abrahamic faiths, unification rather than a reaction to war in any community is and (or) are within the remit of any ruler and leader through the thoroughfare of social discourse as opposed to the full and unequivocal use of coercion in any form through contemporary political dialogue. This is the message diluted

through the use of continued definition, analyses and redefinition with regards to the new and old uses of religion. Beyond a system of control "true" faith does not just exist for the sake of existence or consciousness; rather the truth within any given message is that salvation whether real or imagined is

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fully believed throughout with a view to allowing the Christ or any number of worshiped gods in a modern multi-cultural faith based community to pray together for one or two hours or days or months or years meditating on a precise moment and location in space and history in order to save the soul of one man. If every human being everywhere fights without guns or planes, bombs or tanks, we each of us become free; overcoming the boundaries in which are the keys to a realised space in the heavens, the universe, the stars and sky or skyline. If this generation is to be saved, multi-faith communities need to stand up against the torrent of abuse and anarchic crises we each face on a daily basis and look towards supporting an international effort of peace both in public and in private with a view to chainring the point(s) of order in not one but every mind throughout the course of any and every social and cultural undertaking.

An ideal as with an identity is intrinsically composed of the "solar winds as it were of the heart and souls" of the saved, that is, when an individual radiates the good within their heart and

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soul, the resultant blasts of radiated goodness will pour out upon a planet filled with compassion, love, light, honour and faith, peace, bravery and honour. Spiritual warfare as in the godly warfare of the individual is not a war of the heart or the mind; it is not a war of metal or plastic, it is not radiation or solar winds. It is morals and soul

based faith, belief within a system that intrinsically ties a person to another person in the hopes that they will look back at the good and, or the bad they have done in their lifetime and then praise all things in the hopes that they have achieved throughout their life, not just a semblance of greatness or freshness of essence, not just fame or spiritual gladness, but a will to succeed for the glory of the kingdom of the unseen God (who lives in a realm unknown to the eyes of men and women alike as humanity is still confounded as to the nature of a god of who hurts, feels and suffers as mortals do for he sake of his creation.

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In the Judeo-Christian religions along with the Abrahamic faiths, regardless of

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what the dogma entails, Jesus' presence in both is a quarrel that has lasted centuries. Both sides have fought viciously praying for a victory, but neither cares to remember why. Jesus in Christianity was gods SUN, potentially blasphemous in modern interpretation, but in human form the son of man was bestowed upon mankind. He was sacrificed on a cross and rose to life once more and with every passing Christmas we fall further from the truth at the heart of a message that is slowly becoming lost. Are we still bellicose as a society in nature, too consumed with the accumulation of wealth and the commanding consequences of interpretation of international perspectives to see that Jerusalem is in Israel, home to the Jewish people. Palestine is home to the philistines who are being attacked lambasted and subjugated without any recourse to legal or justifiable remedy. Yemen is being slaughtered by the Saudi's; Iraq, Afghanistan, Syria are being controlled by the western

nations including America and Britain. Korea is not unified, like China or

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Russia or America or Canada. But once the world was one. It was called Pangea.

◦ Sexual immorality within one persons existence and belief structure stirs an image of faithfulness to an ideal. But beyond immorality, the idea that a person is elected by god to represent the whole of humanity is not how the bible is to be represented for gods chosen few are with him in the beginning and at the end. Therefore confession of sins is pointless as well as praying for forgiveness for the Lord God almighty made the human heart with a loophole, it automatically is a confession in its creation as we all have a series of imperfections that limit our ability to interact with the world as Jesus Christ would and the fact that we allow others to move us to sin highlights the human races preoccupation with sin. But where a person chooses to accept Jesus into their heart, a mission is taken on board that God and his Kingdom in heaven requires us to look deeper into our own thoughts, words, deeds and actions so as to find the morality in everything g and then save the remainder of those who still believe through our action as opposed to our inaction. Gods calling

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such as there sonic waves of thunderous trumpets or the holographic burning bush are prime examples along with further analogous images that the Devil/Satan/Beelzebub would have you believe.

◦ God of who's name is varied throughout different bibles' and stories such as the names we as humanity have been provided, Adonai, Jehovah, Jesus, Christ, are names for a being of such immense superiority and in

need of such awesome respect that none can comprehend the mind of a God beyond time and space. A being that lives outside of time and space but that is able to create the same though, and is able to take on a human form is not to be feared for the result of praise and worship, belief I. The honour and majesty of miraculous works which at this time are being emulated through humanities behaviour and research, thus precludes the interaction with the unforeseen discovery of what is intrinsically the nature of humanity. One day, we each will see the same dream of peace and disarmament, of which not every heart and soul at

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present believes, for God is denied his kingdom, the life of his son is stolen and for mere existence we as humanity choose money over the lives of an entire population. Perhaps salvation is beyond us where history, culture, art and infrastructure are worth more to the ideals of marriage than the life of a single child who starves on the streets of Africa, begging for a meal in the wilderness. That child is Gods child. The child beaten and abused out with her control, that child is gods child. The child who smokes in the holy land regardless of faith, that child is gods child and intrinsically, the all you can eat buffet or the eating competition, the historic rodeo or the bull run, the ancient civilisation and the riches of the same are a trophy for the death of that child.

◦ The word truth and the word right, the word education and the word health are just words. But when the holy spiritual is envied on a person and the difference a person feels regardless of historical or racial, social and

cultural background in order to support a person to give up drinking,

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give up smoking, give up drugs and simply worship to the point of starving the body of what may well be the evil in the heart of mankind (humanity) is beyond sex or race or class or demography or other outlying differentiators. If you are gay, praise god. If you are bi-sexual praise god. If you are straight praise god. If you are alone or with child praise god. If you are married or single praise god. But don't give up hope because god sent his son once for all of us to find hope and learn a lesson. He created rainbows to remind us of the floods in which Noah and his sons Shem, Ham and Japheth were in an Arc with animals. He created Samsun and Delilah, Job, David and Goliath and over the centuries, if you look around at the faces you see, you'll see them. In everything and everyone.

◦ God abhors anything he does not agree with but loves all people who believe on him. Not fanatically, to the point that an ideal ceases to be perfections dream, a waking nightmare. But rather, God loves peace; his son was the prince of peace and his dream is the dream we each share, a day of giving and thankfulness in which we are all

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walking and carrying one another through the problems we share and caring for one another. Beating ones self up for past failures is potentially religious suffering, but in Jerusalem, Christians were sacrificed by Romans to Lions in a pit. The philistines betrayed the Son of Man, but Jesus knew all of the things to come and he said turn the other cheek so why can't we trust ourselves for long enough to become enlightened by the soul of a God who cares with a spiritual compassion that

matters. Why can't we educate ourselves about what our lives are until such times as the truth becomes a reality. Why can't we all be Gods children as previously chosen by god because over time we are or may have evolved through centuries and aeons of interstellar conglomeration of gases and clouds of electrons, amidst nebulae and sparks through to gravitational coalescence. Creating a group of planets now referred to as a Solar System until the sun of which we now know through science, is actually potentially moving towards a black hole at the centre of our galaxy. If we don't find out what the sun

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is, what our sun, the light, creator and life givor (not sun worship but lock yourself in a dark room/fridge/underground at -275 degrees Celsius) then ask what photosynthesis is, or what radiation is, or what steam is, or what convection is, or gravitation, or microbes and parasites are or what community and togetherness are, or why space is important as the final frontier. And pray with me.

Newspaper
headline: The
Potential of Earth-
Like-Planet found
nearby, six light
years away.

The headlines of the Newspaper stayed on Television on the day, that the Earth, the Stars and Mars had vanished beyond and Einstein Padolsky Rosen Bridge not far from the location of where the Sun has been. Everything within our badly named

solar system, Sol, simply vanished from the Reality of the Universes. Time unbeknownst to us for a split second was where the Fermions, and Positrons with negative half spin, Leptons and Bosons of earlier discovery danced a dance unlike any other for all of half a picometer; the same moment that a man attempted to overpower one of the technicians as a team of elite assassins, trained in the art of assassination attempt to do what they were trained to do; frozen solid in time as a soldier, a silent

member of a sleeper unit
within Military
Intelligence who worked
outside of the remit of
Section six and seven of
the office of Secret Service
and the foreign office
where there were once
twenty separate
departments; now there
were hundreds.

The population had
grown so large that even
the idea of neoliberalism
coupled with Nazism as a
thought was gaining
currency in what once had
been British and
international politics,
whilst somewhere on the

other side of the planet,
Donald Trump and Donald
Tusk signed a deal that
would lead to the future
bringing the United
Nations as an
international political
campaign to the world of
Europe and Central Asia.
We were as a species
frozen in time globally in
the time as bees began to
drive their way upwards
and eastwards from Africa
with one or two stinging a
Golden Eagle out of the
sky as it was taking flight.

An Isis fighter equally
in the time it took to for
the eagle to begin its

descent from the sky
began to take as much
bread as he could without
any knowledge of the sire
borne nuclear bomb
headed for the Syrian and
equally Iranian border
despite the Nuclear Non-
proliferation treaty. The
war for the modern age,
not to be mistaken for the
drop of the formula that
would one day save all
HIV/Aids and Cancer
sufferers at the same time
due to the journey in a
secret military
infrastructure miles from
the past few journeys
towards the erasure of the

human race to a sense hat
that caused sentience in a
robot as a result of a global
increase in temperature
by approximately one
degree Celsius.

That was the day that
humanity fought, quietly
with itself. Not because it
was fighting against them,
the enemy, or rather the
enemies of the states, but
because of the wary
difficulty at the heart of
mankind; as a bead of
sweat dropped from the
brow of an assassin who
was controlling the fingers
of a robot that was meant
to overheat and then

malfunction causing a perfect surface with which to rocochet a bullet towards a less than bulletproof window near Thebes.

All of this was happening not because of The CIA and NSA partnership with Interpol and various other security experts and leaders including the National Anti-Terror Organisation, but rather because that was the day that the robot itself for the first time recognised that its own life, the life of a robot was worth potentially

something to someone, that it's life, the life of a robot was not just an amalgamation of optics and electronic technology or degrees of freedom and movement connected to servo motors or even a test of how racist the combined telecommunications of the internet might be over one second or one day, or one month; of which the computer at the core of the robot had learnt racist words online and discovered pornography as a result of the availability of the same

and learnt murder and
God in the same instant
through the Gothenburg
bible of 1454 in Latin.

That was the second
the robot began to wrestle
with the idea of good and
evil as it motioned towards
the scientist offering to
help as a question rather
than simply breaking
down as planned; unyet
despite its conscious there
would be a long time for
the robot to focus on what
it knew and understood to
be consciousness provided
the planet survived the
gravitational turbulence
that led to earthquakes

and fires in the forests of
California and the streets
of Italy as well as a city
crumbling in England
during the day, like the
flooding that was
attributed in Thailand to a
natural disaster.

The Trees, alien and
different in their own way
could have swayed
imperceptibly this way
and that whilst a leaf fell
from the sky at ten in the
morning in Zambia where
the first African pope of
the Benedictine order
would one day walk or talk
to the people of Africa as
to the dichotomy at the

heart of man, or see miracles through faith or fish, praying for more time to save or sand in the former Atlantis of the Richat Structure.

The same earthquakes and fires and flooding would have an impact on the planet Richter scale of a magnitude so great that not even the melting hot magma or the core of the Earth at the exact location of the Fallen Empire at the lost city near Thebes would remain unaffected. The very same time that Celsius, a self-chosen robot and saviour of a member

of humanity saved someone's life without thinking about it twice.

Two women were born to a homeless man and his child bride somewhere in Afghanistan near the irradiated ashes of an entire civilian civilisation, whilst in America two college graduates announced their engagement amidst an lgbt group of alumni in a dorm room in New York, they would go on to become astronauts and scientists, delivering the news that a politician would later hear about as hearsay and then

change their mind only to see the truth of a picture that had become classified hundreds of years earlier.

The jumps between Earths new and old would be a long journey to make, flashing between the future glory and the past, of an Earth ten seconds ago and the future position of Earth within a multiverse at the same time. Later that day a junior military official tasked with a USB pen drive would later talk to a journalist who would overhear a coffeehouse deliver the news over an

intercom that a horse called lucky star would win the Grand national with its rider a young man named Michael would later define his brother Joshua's potential scientific discovery.

Something happened, though the war was a painful one with multiple shattered ribs; her eyes were a shade sharper than they would be for near on three and a half years, for in the story of Times Shadow, the junior officer referred to as Agent X would also walk past a series of words that read

Einstein, Padolsky Rosen
Bridge Terminal 1, and
have the following icon
and characters;
“>.act now or lose the
information.” On a screen
written as though the
lowly agent with their USB
pen drive of whom Agent
X was none other than

What makes a nation
great?

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Disclaimer

This book is not endorsed or supported by the United Nations. As the people of any country make that country's what it is, this year for World Aids Day (1st of December) you might support UNAIDS or a charity closer to home. I have begun a journey asking why inequality exists and what hope looks like. I asked my children what selflessness looks like and can only hope that you agree homelessness is an unnecessary hardship in a world filled with opportunity cost and intolerant attitudes. I would ask only that you use your democratic freedom(s) to contact your

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ambassador or local politician asking them to make Scotland the UK headquarters of the United Nations, with Edinburgh as its home.

Thank you

What the United Nations is and what it does

The organisation of the United Nations is operated in practice by six key bodies referred to as the Organs of the United Nations. The Organs are the route to effecting change through the actions of the various departments and roles within the organisation, as with the aims and political infrastructure created and regulated by the United Nations. The six Organs, (the Secretariat, the General Assembly, the International Court of Justice, the Trusteeship Council, the Security Council and the Economic and Social Council) are

controlled by a senior official known by the title Secretary General. He or She is referred to as the Secretary General because along with being in charge of the administration and operation of the whole organisation along with setting the agenda and tone of dialogue, the Secretary General also has the responsibility of promoting peace through a dedicated Peacekeeping force who are regularly put to the test in not only conflict zones but equally through the use of military infrastructures in the interests of protecting refugees and providing aid as well as peace building through the Security Council. Along with this, the Secretary General sets the direction of Global policy through the use of

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the assorted departments of the United Nations. The six Organs have a shared and coordinated approach to the issues of global priority and not just in violent conflict zones as has been noted in the past through wars and civil revolts since the founding of the United Nations in 1945, at the end of the Second World War.

As the head of the United Nations, the Secretary General has his own spokesperson through the Office of the Spokesperson of the Secretary General. Due to the highly technical and sensitive Diplomatic nature of the work of the United Nations, keeping up with current and future trends is an absolute priority, as the organisation aims to promote education en

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masse and is reliant on the proactive and genuine discussion through its many varying forms. As such, the United Nations also operates a University which helps with training and research amongst other points of note.

Equally many of the debates and communications are available to the public through publications, and on the United Nations official website ([HTTP://www.UN.Org](http://www.UN.Org)). Many of the sensitive dialogues are recorded and transmitted through official channels, such as through the news and equally through parts of the organisation itself e.g. the Department for Public Information.

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The Secretariat offers a number of routes to enforcing the law through administration as with all of the Organs of the United Nations through varying departments with their own staff. The International Court of Justice has the power to legally bind a nation to an agreement or impose sanctions on varying levels in order to promote peace and justice. The General Assembly is the main arm and springboard for the voice of the aunties Nations. It sets the agenda of the organisation through direct and open dialogues between nations as equals. The Economic and Social Council focuses largely on the economic issues affecting the members of the organisation but also has a remit to effect social change. The Security

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Council works towards Peacekeeping and Peace- building infrastructures and does not always rely on social coercion in order to effect change but rather, analyses changes and trends of a social and national nature like an army, that may lead to war, and attempts to, wherever possible, build peace through dialogue with a view to deregulation and disarmament. And finally the Trusteeship Council operates in such a manner as to allow for countries without a governing body or Government to be Governed in Trust until such times as the country is stable enough to govern itself; this includes countries that have been Annexed.

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**The United Nations Universal
Declaration of Human Rights in its
preamble declares:**

“Whereas recognition of the inherent
dignity and of the equal and inalienable
rights of all members of the human family is
the foundation of freedom, justice and peace
in the world,

Whereas disregard and contempt for
human rights have resulted in barbarous
acts which have outraged the conscience of
mankind, and the advent of a world in
which human beings shall enjoy freedom of
speech and belief and freedom from fear

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and want has been proclaimed as the
highest aspiration of the common people,

Whereas it is essential, if man is not to be
compelled to have recourse, as a last resort,
to rebellion against tyranny and
oppression, that human rights should be
protected by the rule of law,

Whereas it is essential to promote the
development of friendly relations between
nations,

Whereas the peoples of the

United Nations have in the Charter
reaffirmed their faith in fundamental
human rights, in the dignity and worth of
the human person and in the equal rights of
men and women and have determined to

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promote social progress and better
standards of life in larger freedom,

Whereas Member States have pledged
themselves to achieve, in co-operation with
the United Nations, the promotion of
universal respect for and observances of
human rights and fundamental freedoms,

Walking with Majesty
The Charter of the United Nations:

The Charter of the United Nations is a living
and breathing instrument comprised of
Chapters, articles and paragraphs relating
to the founding and operation of the
Organisation of the United Nations. It works
within every nation and has a multi-
disciplinary approach to solving the
current and future issues of the planet. It's
range stretches from economics and social
norms through to the rights of men, women
and children in order to control and limit
the effects of war through political and
social dialogue whilst increasing the
ideology of equality. Peacekeeping and

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medical as well as aid and relief infrastructures, as enshrined in its daily and longer term operational strategies.

The ultimate aim of the United Nations is to enhance and reinforce the aims of freedom, democracy and liberality with a view to creating equality for all people. How this is achieved is a longer and more protracted process that requires multi-lateral, that is multi-level and multi-directional dialogues that can be very long and involve many different groups of people. As a Supranational Non Governmental Organisation, that is it is not a world government but rather a combination of political dialogues with ambassadors of 193 nations, the remit and span of the United

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Nations is constantly changing and evolving with the onset of new and emerging policy issues such as the 8 Millennium Development Goals, which were replaced in 2016 by 17 Sustainable Development Goals.

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Millennium Development Goals

- To eradicate extreme poverty and hunger
- End poverty in all its forms everywhere
- To achieve universal primary education
- To promote gender equality and empower women
- To reduce child mortality
- To improve maternal health
- To ensure environmental sustainability
- Reduce income inequality within and among countries

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Sustainable Development Goals

- End hunger, achieve food security and improved nutrition and promote sustainable agriculture
- To combat HIV/Aids, Malaria and other diseases
- Ensure healthy lives and promote well-being for all at all ages
- Ensure inclusive and equitable quality of education and promote life long learning opportunities for all
- Achieve gender equality and empower all women and girls
- Ensure availability and sustainable management of water and sanitation for all

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- Ensure access to affordable, reliable, sustainable and modern energy for all
- To develop a global partnership for sustainability
- Promote sustained, inclusive and sustainable economic growth, full and productive employment and decent work for all
- Build resilient infrastructure, promote inclusive and sustainable industrialisation, and foster innovation
- Make cities and human settlements inclusive, safe, resilient, and sustainable
- Ensure sustainable consumption patterns
- Take urgent action to combat climate change and its impacts by regulating

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emissions and promoting developments in renewable energy

- Conserve and sustainably use the oceans, seas and marine resources for sustainable development
- Protect restore and promote sustainable use of terrestrial ecosystems, sustainably manage forests, combat desertification, and halt and reverse land degradation and halt biodiversity loss
- Promote peaceful and inclusive societies for sustainable development, provide access to justice for all and build effective, accountable and inclusive institutions for all

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- Strengthen the means of implementation and revitalise the global partnership for sustainable development

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What makes a nation Great?:

Part I

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“As Barry Posen has recently observed, the ‘security dilemma’ traditionally applicable solely to relations between states, currently applies all too readily to relations between the sub-state world of ethnic groups. When one ethnic group decides to increase its military and other resources to enhance its power, its neighbours are likely to see this as a threat to them rather than as legitimate self-defence”

Terrorism: British Perspectives; 1993;

Wilkinson, Paul; Dartmouth Publishing

Company; Dartmouth

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Humanity, equality and rights, are all things we each seek on a daily basis as though they define our identities in a manner such as is relative to the synergistic relationship between them. But the question has yet to be asked; if there were no living breathing instruments (namely in this regard I’m referring to the law and the nature of the same), how would we each define the ideal image of a citizen? As a law student and prior to actually sitting down to read the law, and attempting to define in my own understanding of the nature of the way in which history has allowed individuals to describe someone who does not break any laws; i.e. the ideal image of a person who works and helps his

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fellow citizens and neighbours in everyday life, I came to find the very thing I had missed my entire educational career. That is to say, Rights, whether Civil or otherwise are brought about by societal progression in the form of people seeing and understanding their shared equality through the former struggles of their forebears. In so doing, the very same struggles bring about the image of our shared or combined humanity. As an individual, any given person could have nothing in common with another person; but where there is a law, we are all seen as equal under the image of the law and the words of the very same law(s) we each share. The issue with various societal

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problem's within a global society such as are beyond our control and (or) understanding are the very same problems that create social inequality and bias. Belief in the law and the better nature of the very same things (legal instruments) that allow us as individuals and members of the public, to exhibit our freedom(s) and beliefs through the nature of the protocols, treaties, laws and rules of civilised and organised behaviour are the very reasons why it is so important as individuals to be able to as a society require each and every member of the same to pay

taxes to local and national government.

That's the reason an over- burdened and

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understaffed workforce is in need of a shakeup is the same reason that there is a need for fulfilling and wholesome roles in not just politics, not just legislation but in the very instruments and structures that relate to different communities and create equality through trains of thought and schools of education. Different countries have different ways of looking at the world. For example if you take a look at the Convention for the protection of Human Rights and Fundamental

Freedoms (signed at Rome on 4th of November 1950, 47 countries signed the

Convention whilst only 44 signed the Thirteenth Protocol in 2002 (which was

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concerned with the abolition of the death penalty in all circumstances – please also see the Sixth Protocol in 1983 for a further breakdown in the history of the abolition of the death penalty in Europe).

To say that all men are created equal, under god and the law of mankind, whilst the law(s) of god are different to the various laws of man, they are still relevant today in that individuals who follow gods laws are moved to follow the law overall and cooperate with

the legal forces (whist this is a sweeping generalisation and may not necessarily be the

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case, recognition of the scope and international nature of the problematic faced by organisations such as the United Nations cannot be detracted from when there have been riots across the world, global terrorism, financially and meltdowns, natural disasters and the struggles for territorial sovereignty internationally).

As an individual who has found the law to be of value in changing and challenging all the things once thought to be a natural prerequisite to the normal daily functioning of an individual in their natural habitat (conscious of lifestyle choices and the way in which these are exhibited in public and in private) the focus of modern life and how

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to cope with tolerance (or intolerant attitudes towards individuals and groups of people) detracts from the hard work legislators and officers of the law along with those individuals who are enforcing the very same are able to do. For some, if not many members of the public, Social Workers are a life-blood and a vein towards attacking the social ills within the community, just as In House Treatment Teams and Community Psychiatric Nurses. The heart and soul of the NHS and the professional structure within the same Health

Services is leaving those who work within the infrastructure created to support the public overloaded with the very task of

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saving lives and supporting the individuals who can't support themselves. Money helps, as seen by recent strikes nationally and (or) internationally by Fire Service men and women, and members of the NHS including hard working Junior Doctors and Nurses who have recently been on strike; the issue is not solely a problem with pay and lack of pay increases or working conditions (as noted with the payment structure of the police and military services who (again) are over-burdened with work as noted when there is usually a political campaign or agenda for new or re-elected administrations, which of course leads on to the disfranchisement of a skewed public).

The issue is one of Humanity, Equality and
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Rights; and that might sound ridiculous in a world where people are aware of so many rights and freedoms that they have, and equally have access to the same rights and freedoms as their counterparts both nationally and internationally through vessels such as the United Nations Charter (1945) or the Convention for the Protection of Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms (1950) or the Universal Declaration of Human Rights (1948). The problem is one of enforceability (in this regard see examples of international legislation such as the Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide (1948) which is the brainchild of

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what once would have been the start of international relations

and good will through the League of Nations). The Covenant of the League of Nations (1919) as amended (1924) states in its Preamble:-

The High Contracting Parties, In order to promote international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security by the acceptance of obligations not to resort to war,

By the prescription of open, just and honourable relations between nations,

By the firm establishment of the understandings of international law as the actual rule of conduct among Governments,

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and

By the maintenance of justice and a scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations in the dealings of organised peoples with one another,

Agree to this Covenant of the League of Nations.

Disarmament is the act of reducing, limiting, or abolishing weapons. Disarmament generally refers to a country's military or specific type of weaponry. Disarmament is often taken to mean total elimination of weapons of mass destruction, such as nuclear arms.

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Disarmament>

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(accessed August, 24, 2017)

The above position was spelled out by Ukraine during the second session of the Preparatory Committee for the 2015 Review Conference of the Parties to the Treaty on the Non-Proliferation of Nuclear Weapons (NPT) (22 April to 3 May, 2013, Geneva), and also during the latest round of political dialogue between Ukraine and the European Union on global disarmament, arms control and non-proliferation (Committee on Non-Proliferation (CONOP)- Global Disarmament and Arms Control Working Group (CODUN)) (15 May 2013, Kiev).

Are we as Canadians willing to truly and

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genuinely work for global disarmament and global security, or will we sit by and participate with the American government in this growing escalation and conflict?

Australia is proud of its strong record of promoting global engagement in nuclear disarmament and non-proliferation and views the Treaty on the Non-Proliferation of Nuclear Weapons (NPT) as the cornerstone of global disarmament and non-proliferation efforts.

<https://glosbe.com/en/en/global%20disarmament>

(accessed August, 24, 2017)

“...as the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (“UNHCR”) has

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insisted refugee status is not a status that is granted by states; it is rather simply recognised by them:

A person is a refugee within the meaning of the 1951 Convention as soon as he fulfils the criteria contained in the definition. This would necessarily occur prior to the time at which his refugee status is formally determined.

Recognition of his refugee status does not therefore make him a refugee but declares him to be one. He does not become a refugee because of recognition, but is recognised because he is a refugee.”

To this end, our analysis here breaks the Convention down into issues of

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- (1) alienage;
- (2) well-founded fear;
- (3) serious harm;
- (4) failure of state protection;
- (5) nexus to civil or political status;
- (6) needing protection; and
- (7) deserving protection.

At present, then, it follows that as a matter of positive law the Convention definition of refugee status excludes at-risk persons still within their own country from the scope of the refugee regime. (“The first requirement, that the refugee should be an alien, is undisputed”: G. Jaeger “The Definition of ‘Refugee’: Restrictive versus Expanding Trends”, [1983] World Refugee Survey 5, at

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5. See e.g. UNHCR, Handbook on Procedures and Criteria for Determining Refugee Status of Refugees, UN Doc. HCR/IP/4/ Eng/REV.3 (2011) (“Handbook”), at [88]: “It is general requirement for refugee status that an applicant who has a nationality be outside the country of his nationality. There are no exceptions to this rule.” Analysis on this point in Hathaway, Refugee Status was approved by the English High Court of Justice in European Roma Rights Centre v. Immigration Officer at Prague Airport (Eng. HC, Oct. 8, 2002), at [43], affirmed in this regard by the House of Lords: R (European Roma Rights Centre) v. Immigration Officer at Prague Airport [2005] 2AC 1 (UKHL, Dec.9, 2004), at 28-30. See also minister
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for Immigration and multicultural Affairs v. Khawar, (2002) 210 CLR 1 (Aus. HC, Apr 11, 2002) at 21 [62], per McHugh and Gummow JJ., holding that “[t]he definition of ‘refugee’ is couched in the present tense and the text indicates that the position of the putative refugee is to be considered on the footing that the person is outside the country of nationality” (emphasis in original). This is so even in the extreme case where steps are taken by an asylum state to prevent the departure from their home country of persons seeking protection.

The situation is different once alienage has been established. As the Austrian Administrative Court determined in the
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case of the Turkish Kurd sent back to his home country by authorities before a decision on his claim was delivered, the absolute rule that refugee status required presence outside one's country must be read in tandem with the cessation clauses of the Convention (1951 Convention on the Status of Refugee's) which exclusively define the circumstances under which refugee status may be lost. Since Art. 1(c) (4) provides that refugee status ceases only upon voluntary re-establishment in one's country of origin (see generally *infra* ch. 6.1.3), involuntary repatriation does not bring refugee status to an end :95/20/0643 (Au.VwGH, Dec. 18 1996). It is true, of course, that the rights that follow from

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refugee status would not in practical terms be susceptible to implantation pending return to the asylum state."

Hathaway, J. C and Foster, M; *The Law of Refugee Status* (2nd ed.); 2015; Cambridge.

The increased global momentum to advance nuclear disarmament was a signal that the political will necessary to achieve shared nuclear-disarmament objectives might be forthcoming, and the Review Conference was a critical opportunity to turn rhetoric into action and herald a new era of progress on Further, India believes that, in order to foster greater awareness of disarmament issues and to strengthen global collective will in favour of global disarmament

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objectives, the United Nations should make greater efforts to promote disarmament and non-proliferation education.

Amendment by André Brie Amendment
155 Recital C C. whereas it is necessary, regardless of a partially divergent interpretation of the currently existing global risks and threats, to advance freedom in the world and to address those global challenges, such as the eradication of poverty, promotion of development, the need for global disarmament efforts, protection of human rights, confronting global health risks, environmental issues and energy security, <https://glosbe.com/en/en/global%20disarmament> (accessed August, 24, 2017)

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In 1967 the Treaty for the Prohibition of Nuclear Weapons in Latin America, also known as the Treaty of Tlatelolco, was signed. This treaty

1. Global Disarmament prohibits the testing, possession, and deployment of nuclear weapons in the region.

[https://www.quora.com/What-is-](https://www.quora.com/What-is-disarmament)

disarmament (Accessed, 24, August, 2017)

Article 1 of The League of Nations (1919) as per Article 1(1) (which is pronounced Article 1 subsection 1) within two months of the covenant coming into force, which is the law coming into effect, on the 1st of October 1920, the League required the

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original Members to deposit a Declaration of Accession within the Secretariat and for notice of this fact to be sent to all members of the league. Equally Article 1(1) required the named Members of the League to be named within the Annex of the Covenant such that the States named would gain accession and accede to the Covenant without reservation to the same Covenant. Article 1(2) allowed for any self-governing State, Dominion or Colony not named to become a Member of the League through a vote of two-thirds majority in order to allow for the accession and allow any State, Dominion or Colony (of which there were many at the time) to accede to Membership of the League of Nations. This was under the

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direct provision that an effective guarantee would be put into place through the observation of sincere international obligations (explained later in the

Covenant) and would accept regulations that were explained by the League of Nations with

regards to the military and naval as well as air forces and armaments of any said State, Dominion or Colony of the same self-governing states mentioned in the Annex of the League. In this regard, the regulations and stipulations were a matter of trust and (or)

honour on the parts of the Members with a view to either providing military support or

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reducing the military forces of said nations in line with social and national observations societal need on a global or national front. The overall aim, in light of this provision was not to create a military task force that would allow for the attack and control of a global dominion or the reduction of ethnic and (or) minority influence or forces (see the Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide (1946) Article III(a) genocide, (b) conspiracy to commit genocide, (c) direct and public incitement to commit genocide, (d) attempt to commit genocide, (e) complicity in genocide, whether they were national or international) which allowed for the formation and enforcement of the same

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through the Statute of the International Court of Justice (1945) namely, Article 1 which states "The International Court of Justice established by the Charter of the United Nations as the principal judicial organ of the United Nations shall be constituted and shall function in accordance with the provisions of the present Statute" with a view to creating enforceability within the said self-governing States, Dominions and Colonies of the former League of Nations now known today as the United Nations), but rather with a view to allowing for the creation of Global Unity, Global Harmony and ultimately Peace through the use of an ideal which as yet has not been put into place in the form

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of Global Disarmament. Article 1(2) was a subsection open to interpretation due to the fact that there was societal uncertainty as to whether there would be a repeat of the global wars that hampered the efforts of social progress in the form of World War I (to be followed by World War II) Article 1(3) was an instrumental obligation placed on the Member states of the League of Nations as it required that any Member(s) who wished to leave the League of Nations could do so two years after their initial decision to leave the League but only after and provided that all of its international intentions in the form of obligations were fulfilled under the Covenant of the League of Nations.

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Both sides reiterated the importance of the Conference on Disarmament as the single

multilateral forum for negotiations on disarmament and stressed that this body should respond to the global disarmament agenda through multilaterally negotiated and internationally and effectively verifiable disarmament agreements.

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and

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disarmament agreements.

United Nations coordination of efforts on
arms control, disarmament and non-
proliferation policies and activities at the
global, regional, subregional and national
levels, as well as international efforts to
achieve global disarmament through the
support of regional disarmament should
therefore be enhanced.

[https://glosbe.com/en/en/
global%20disarmament](https://glosbe.com/en/en/global%20disarmament)

(accessed August, 24, 2017)

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Similarly, the 1959 Antarctic Treaty bans
the use of Antarctica for military purposes,
including nuclear testing.

[https://www.quora.com/What-is-](https://www.quora.com/What-is-disarmament)

disarmament (Accessed August, 24, 2017)

1. Article 2 - 4 of The League of Nations
(1919)

Articles 2 through 4 were instrumentally
ordered in relevance and direct reference to
the associated vessels and organs of the
League of Nations with a view to ordering
the structure of the same in light of how the
organisation would work. The main
organisation of the League of Nations was
structured with a view to improving
relations and increasing the ability of

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cohesive and successful relations on an international front between nations with a view to creating Global Harmony through unified Global Disarmament which would ultimately lead to world peace. Article 2 directly communicates the nature of representatives of the League, Article 3 referred to the Assembly and its operation and Article 4 was relevant with regards to the scope of the Council of the League of Nations. Article 2 pronounced the vessels of the League of Nations. The vessels were (are) the instruments through which the League of Nations was able to operate, in the form of the administration of a permanent Secretariat, a Council and an Assembly through which the two-thirds

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majority vote would be voted into being in such matters as accession to membership and overall direction of the communication and decision

making functions of multi-lateral (or multi-directional and multitudinous dialogues with

varying groups and peoples as stated in the Annex of the covenant). Article 3(1) referred to the Representatives of the Members of the League of Nations (in this regard, Foreign Secretaries along with Ambassadors and the leaders of various nations would be obliged to represent their respective nations) who would

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debate through the Assembly of the League of Nations. Articles 3(2) - Article 3(4) directly

encompassed the meetings of the Assembly with Article 3(2) designed in such a manner as

to define the periodic meetings between host nations and the nature of the requirements stipulated within the meetings of the League. Article 3(3) dealt directly with Assembly meetings and directly indicated that world peace was a priority of the action strategy of the League of Nations and associated partners and representatives in the form of its Members.

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In Article 3(4) the meetings of the League were again mentioned with a view to

each Member state of the League of Nations having one vote and no more than exactly three Representatives within the Assembly at any one time. Article 4(1) defined the principle actors within the Council of the League of Nations with four Members of the League (non-permanent countries that would have a

continuous rotation within the League as selected by the Assembly) along with the Allied and Associated Powers (that is the countries that fought within the First World War). According to Article 4(1) Belgium, Brazil, Spain and Greece were named as the

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first members of the Council (non-permanent). According to Article 4(2) the Assembly of the League of Nations had the discretion to decide (pending a vote of two-thirds majority) on additional Members of the Council where necessary or as a requirement of representation on the Council (which of course is relevant with regards to Article 1(3) which, as mentioned above then defines the obligations and stipulations of a member state, though Article 1(3) was more of a legislative statement about leaving the League as opposed to a movement with regards to the traction of obligations and

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objectives of the league). Article 4(3) (as with Article 3(2) which spoke of the regularity of the meetings of the Assembly) indicates that The Council of the League of Nations was to meet at the least once a year and would meet from time to time with a view to discussing matters of urgency and or as indicated and directed by the Council of the League of Nations. Article 4(4) (as with the text of Article 3(3) which directed the nature of proceedings within the Assembly) indicates the "sphere of action" which is the nature of the span of control of The Council of the League of Nations with a view to and directly in line with creating a lasting peace within the world. Article 4(5) allowed for a Representative of any Member

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of the League not on the Council of the League of Nations (non-permanent) to sit as a member of a meeting which specifically affected the interests of the Member of the League. An example of which would include one of the non- permanent Council members first elected to sit on the Council (Brazil, Spain, Greece and Belgium) being informed and asked to sit on the council along with any of the members outwith the Council (for instance Zambia or Venezuela who weren't on the council but might potentially have had representatives within the League (although Zambia in this instance in 1920 would more than likely have existed in the form of a British Colony as Rhodesia.) would have been asked

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whether they wished to sit as members within a council meeting that directly affected the interests of the same countries where they were not directly able to sit on other Council meetings affecting countries that were not within their direct sphere of control). Article 4(6) (unlike Article 3(4) which affected the number of votes and representatives of a country in meetings of the Assembly of the League of Nations, namely one vote and three representatives) directly states that at meetings of The Council of the League of Nations, States, Dominions and Colonies in the form of Members of the League of Nations represented on the Council of the League were entitled to only one vote and would be

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allowed only one Representative with regards to decisions, rulings and observations made through the Council of the League of Nations.

The inclusion of all the key players in any treaty is essential if that treaty is to fulfil the international community's ambition to strengthen the global disarmament and non-proliferation framework in a meaningful way and enhance global security.

On 30 April this year in New York the Second

Conference of States Parties and Signatories of Treaties that Establish Nuclear-Weapon-Free CONF.2010/1) that

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the nuclear-weapon-free zone in Central Asia and nuclear-weapon-free zones in other parts of the world made a genuine contribution to implementation of the NPT and to the global disarmament and non-proliferation process, as well as to creating regional and global objectives.

The Rights and Duties of States According to Article 1 of the Convention on the Rights

and Duties of States (Montevideo Convention) (1933) which was ratified (signed) on the 26th of December 1933 and came into force 26th of December 1936, a state is a person under international law which is qualified under four separate means. These four qualifications which were

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defined at the International Conference of American States in Montevideo (a city within the republic of Uruguay) are as follows:

- (a) A State is so where it has a permanent population
- (b) A State must have a permanent and defined territory
- (c) A State must have a Government
- (d) A State must have the capacity to have international relations with other State parties through organised and peaceful dialogue, whether that is via ambassadorial or non- governmental apparatus in a formal manner through the eyes of the law. Article 2 states that a State must constitute a “sole

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person in the eyes of law”. In this regard a figurehead in the eyes of the public of that aforementioned state must have an open and transparent ability to communicate with the State apparatus and instruments of administration in an open and cohesive manner. Article 3 allows for a State to organise itself independently of other states prior to recognition as a state and equally has the following rights with which to defend itself;

- (a) A State must provide for conservation and prosperity,
- (b) A State must legislate upon its interests and administer its own services,
- (c) A State must organise itself as it sees fit

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(d) Ultimately a State must define a jurisdiction and administer a competency within its legislative arm through the courts of the State. Each of these rights Article 3 points out must have no limitation other than the exercise of the rights under international law of other states. Please note that subverting the course of justice or committing violations of laws such an act of Genocide or War limits the proper administration of a state and forces the leader of a state to be liable to (and subject to cohesive or judicial judgement through the organisation of the International Court of Justice (1945). Article 4 of the Convention points towards the continuation of and continuous exercise of the rights of a

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State in the form of a State's existence under law as a person (i.e. a person can be sued, tried under law and international law can be enforced through legislature and other sanctions as necessary to safeguard the promotion of safety of the public(s) of the world). Articles 5 through 8 are relevant to the unconditional and irrevocable action of a State party's recognition to Act on the International Stage as a Sole Person. Articles 6 and 7 talk specifically of a new state being founded on land that is currently unoccupied and available to and (or) for them in which they (the populous of that state) would be safe, able to live in peace, able to interact with the rest of the world on peaceable and

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peaceful terms e.g. land that is at present unused such as the Sahara desert or the Antarctic or South Pole or the forests and Jungles of the Amazon etc. could be used. Article 10 states in no uncertain terms "The Primary interest of States is the conservation of peace" which is preferable to war and as such any differences in the modern age must be settled through open and democratic means. Article 11 points out that the reduction of arms and military force with a view to peaceful co-existence without the need for coercion or rather without the employment of arms which threaten diplomatic means.

Article 12 through 16 were relevant to the original signatories of the International
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Convention on the Rights and Duties of the States (1933) making note to the United Nations Charter (in this regard I am making note to Chapter VII - Action with Respect to Threats to the Peace, Breaches of the Peace, and Acts of Aggression; Chapter VIII Regional Arrangements; Chapter IX International Economic and Social Co-operation; Chapter XI Declaration Regarding Non-Self Governing Territories; Chapter XIII The Trusteeship Council; Chapter XIV The International Court of Justice and Chapter XVII Transitional Security Arrangements). Administration of the same would require communication with host nations and a proposed

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declaration of a form of Sovereignty. Please note that the statement

of international law above is subject a communication to terrorist states or peoples (such as in the case of the PKK in turkey or the administration of North Korea, the administrations of Israel against Palestine or the administrations of China with regard to Tibet) that the Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide (1948) as stated in Article II of the convention (in which "acts committed with intent to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethnic, racial or religious groups as such:

(a) Killing members of the group;

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(b) Causing serious bodily or mental harm to members of the group;

(c) Deliberately inflicting on the group conditions of life calculated to bring about its

physical destruction in whole or in part;

(d) Imposing measures intended to prevent births within the group

(e) Forcibly transferring children of the group to another group. Please also note that the following is designed to be relevant to the foundations of the International Convention for the Suppression of Terrorist Bombings (1998) Disarmament is the collection, documentation, control and disposal of small arms, ammunition,

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explosives and light and heavy weapons
from combatants and often from the
civilian population.

Demobilization controlled discharge of
active is the formal and combatants from
armed forces and groups, including a phase
of “reinsertion” which provides short- term
assistance to ex-combatants. Reintegration
is the process by which ex-combatants
acquire civilian status and gain sustainable
employment and income. It is a political,
social and economic process with an open
time-frame, primarily taking place in
communities at the local level.

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[http://www.un.org/en/peacekeeping/
issues/ddr.shtml](http://www.un.org/en/peacekeeping/issues/ddr.shtml) (accessed August 24,
2017)

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What makes a Nation Great?: Part II

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A note on Education in the International
Sphere

A Revolutionary Curriculum for the 21st
Century as a plan of action for
reconciliation with a shadow populous
Global Poverty is an issue for the United
Nations but building stable communities at
home and abroad is the remit of local and
national governments. In order to create
peace, a government has to show that it can
live in peace with respect to its neighbours
(just as an individual has to show that in
order to be respected, one has to show
respect to others).

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Promoting philosophy and positive ideology both nationally and internationally from Syria to Zambia is one route the government could adopt through community reconciliation without book shops but rather schools and trains of thought using the classics as a guide i.e. Aristotle, Plato, Socrates and so on) along with a community cinemas (showcasing daily films from the dawn of cinema to the modern age such as Charlie Chaplin films, Audrey Hepburn, early Hitchcock etc.). The idea is simple, community is developed in Western society through the interaction and dialogue between community run and community led organisation of individuals and corporations as well as organisations,

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Non- governmental organisations and governments. As such an approach that focuses not on the negativity that is harboured through the fostering of war, but rather the positive nature of education would be a professional and ethical business that included and promoted healthy and green foodstuffs, whilst offering a strong vegetarian, vegan or gluten free menus. All media within the countries affected by warfare should be focusing on evening cultural and poetic education and re-education not solely based on western philosophy but encompassing classes in philosophical trains and schools of thought using the above mentioned. Edinburgh as the capital of fine Scottish Culture and

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Philosophy is a positive environment and could be a shining beacon to the entire global community and an alternative to other countries creating a niche market through enhancing and promoting Progressive Education in an almost aggressive manner in the form of an international Book Club or Good Book Society organisational infrastructure that would work towards promoting stable educational courses for adults in the evening's as well as live music where applicable and poetry slams on a regular basis.

The Book Club (café philosophy recommended reading list) Would focus on classic books that played a role in creating

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revolution, anarchy, war, peace, science, discovery, art, philosophy and humanity with reading lists that might begin with the following: Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, St

Augustine, Thomas a Kempis, Niccolo Machiavelli, Michel de Montaigne, Jonathan Swift, Jean- Jacques Rousseau, Thomas Paine, Mary Woolstonecraft, William Hazlit, Karl Marx & Friedrich Engels, Arthur Schopenhauer, John Ruskin, Charles Darwin, Friedrich Nietzsche, Virginia Woolf, Sigmund Freud, George Orwell etc.

We believe that United Nations efforts to promote and encourage disarmament and non- proliferation education based on the

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recommendations of the 2002 United
Nations study (A/57/124) will foster
greater awareness
and strengthen global collective will in
favour of global disarmament objectives.

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What makes a nation Great?:

Part III

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Departments and offices of the

United Nations

- I. Office of the Secretary General (OSG)
- II. Office of International Oversight (OIOS)
- III. Department of Political Affairs (DPA)
- IV. Department of Disarmament Affairs (DDA)
- V. Department of Peacekeeping Operations (DPKA)
- VI. Office of Coordination of Humanitarian Affairs (OCHA)
- VII. Department of Economics and Social Affairs (DESA)
- VIII. Department of General Assembly and Conference Management (DGACM)
- IX. Department of Public Information (DPI)

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- X. Office of the High Representatives for the least Developed Countries, landlocked Developing Countries and small island Developing States (OHRLLS)
- XI. Department of Safety and Security (DSS)
- XII. United Nations Office on Drugs and Crime (UNODC)
- XIII. Department of Management (DM)
- XIV. United Nations Office of Geneva (UNO)
- XV. United Nations Office of Vienna (UNOV)
- XVI. United Nations Office of Nairobi (UNON)

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Specialist Offices

- I. International Labour Organisation (ILO)
- II. Food and Agriculture Organisation (FAO)
- III. United Nations Education, Scientific and Cultural Organisation (UNESCO)
- IV. World Health Organisation (WHO)
- V. International Civil Aviation Organisation
- VI. International Maritime Organisation
- VI. International Telecommunications Union
- VII. Universal Postal Union
- VIII. World Meteorological Organisation
- IX. World Intellectual Property Organisation
- X. International Fund for Agricultural Development

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XI. United Nations International
Development Organisation

XII. United Nations World Tourism
Organisation

World Bank Group

- I. International Finance Corporation (IFC)
- II. International Bank for Reconstruction
and Development (IBRD)
- III. International Development Association
(IDA)
- IV. International Investment Guarantee
Agency
- V. International Centre for Settlement of
Investment Disputes (ICSID)
- VI. International Monetary Fund (IMF)

Subsidiary bodies of the General

Assembly

- I. Main Committee
- II. Human Rights Council
- III. Other Sessional Committees
- IV. Standing Committees and ad hoc bodies
- V. Other Subsidiary Organs

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Advisory subsidiary bodies of the General

Assembly

- I. United Nations Peace-building
Commission

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Programmes and Funds

- I. United Nations Conference on Trade and
Development (UNCTAD)
- II. United Nations Development
Programme (UNDP)
- III. International Trade Center (ITC)
- IV. United Nations Development Fund for
Women (UNIFEM)
- V. United Nations Drug Control
Programme (UNDCP)
- VI. United Nations Volunteers (UNV)
- VII. World Food Programme (WFP)
- VIII. United Nations Environment
Programme (UNEP)
- IX. United Nations Capital Development
Programme (UNCDF)

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X. United Nations Relief Works Agency for
Palestine Refugees in the Near East
(UNRWA)

XI. United Nations Children's Fund
(UNICEF)

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Security Council Subsidiary Bodies

I. Military Staff Committee

II. UN Monetary Verification and
Inspection Commission (IRAQ)
(UNMOVIC)

III. Standing Committee ad hoc bodies

IV. International Criminal Tribunal for the
former Yugoslavia (ICTY)

V. United Nations Compensation
Commission

VI. International Criminal Tribunal for
Rwanda (ICTR)

VII. Peacekeeping Operations and Missions

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Economic and Social Council Functional

Commissions

Commissions on:-

- I. Narcotic Drugs Crime Prevention and Criminal Justice
- II. Science and Technology for Development
- III. Sustainable Development Status for Women
- IV. Population and Development
- V. Commission for Social Development
- VI. Statistical Commission

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Regional Commissions

- I. Economic Commission for Africa (ECA)
- II. Economic Commission for Europe (ECE)
- III. Economic Commission for Latin America and the Caribbean (ECLAC)
- IV. Economic and Social Commission for Asia and the Pacific (ESCAP)
- V. Economic and Social Commission for Western Asia

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Other United Nations Bodies

I. Permanent Forum on Indigenous Issues

(PFII)

II. United Nations Forums on Forestry

III. Sessional and Standing Committees

IV. Expert, ad hoc and related bodies and
related Organisations

V. World Trade Organisation (WTO)

VI. International Atomic Energy Agency
(IAEA)

VII. PrepCom for the Nuclear Test Ban
Treaty Organisation (CTBTO)

VIII. Organisation for the Prohibition of
Chemical Weapons (OPCW)

Proof